

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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## ST JOHN OF FLEET STREET

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### IS THE NEW WORLD A DREAM?

#### MYSTERY OF THE TINY SPECK OF LIGHT

The Doubts Creeping Into the  
Minds of the Astronomers

#### BACK IN 5089?

In the first month of this year, on January 21, the Lowell Observatory found what the astronomers believed to be a new world beyond Neptune.

The planet had been long expected and sought for by many. Its appearance was hailed as a triumph of prediction. But though the new world has been honoured with the name of Pluto the glory is beginning to fade.

Astronomers can take nothing for granted, and soon they began to question the observations that had come from the Observatory which had been the sponsor of the so-called Canals in Mars.

There was no question of the reality of the tiny speck of light which Mr Cyril Tombaugh, the young assistant of the Observatory, had detected; but was it the missing planet which influenced the movements of Neptune? Was it a planet at all?

#### Puzzling Star Plates

Search was made for it on previous photographic star plates, and all the big telescopes of the Northern Hemisphere were turned on the portion of the heavens where it was declared to be, in order to obtain new photographs of it. This was necessary in order to determine its path and its distance.

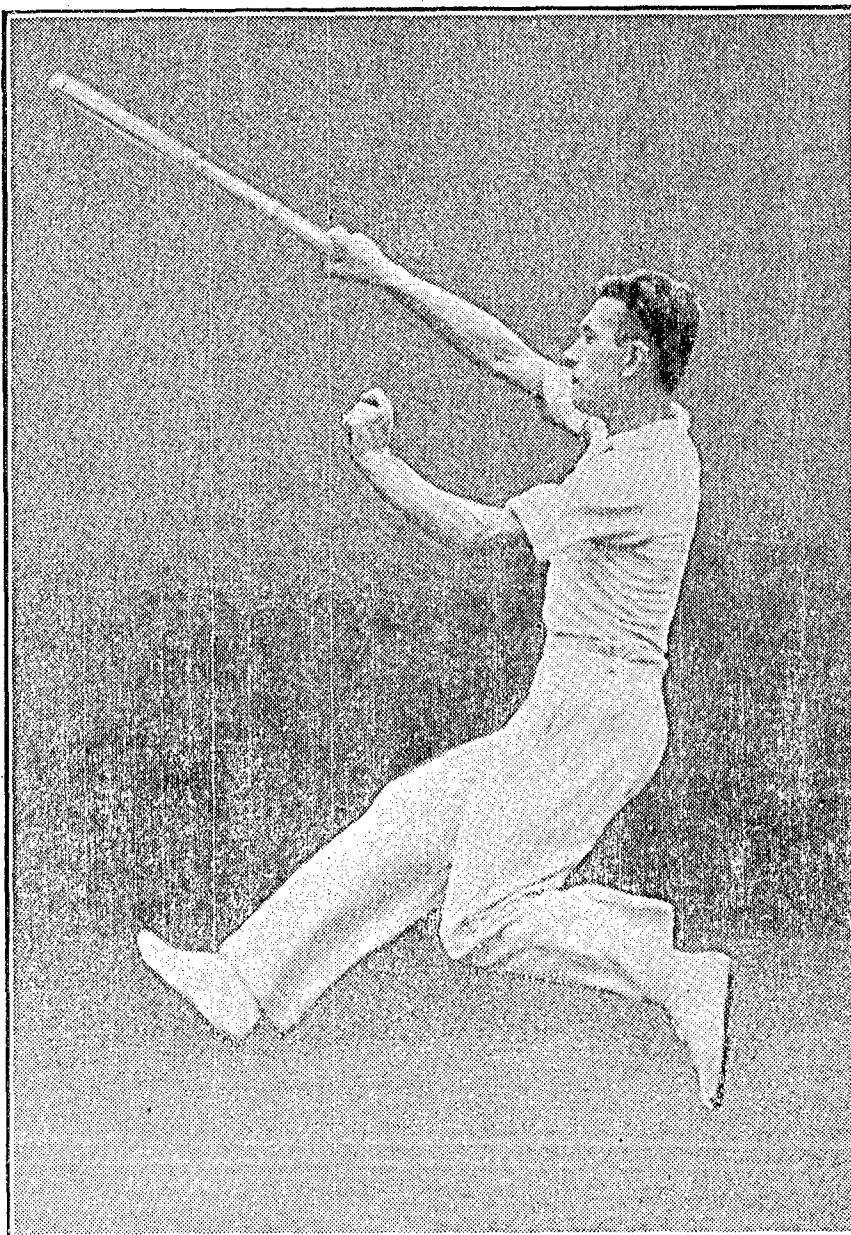
Such photographs tell their secrets only to astronomers. Three images of the speck have been found without doubt, but on a plate nearly as big as a page of the C.N. the three images would all be covered by a single word. From such slight indications the astronomers have to make their calculations and draw their conclusions to the best of their ability.

These conclusions may be summed up at the moment in the verdict—Not Proven. The first expressed doubt was whether the new planet was large enough to be responsible for the irregularities of its nearest neighbour Neptune. Several astronomers declared that it was not. Then the suggestion was made that perhaps there was yet another planet farther out and that the new world believed to be beyond Neptune was but one of two on the outer-most confines of the Solar System.

#### Planet or Comet?

A second doubt arose. Was the new world moving like a planet in a path which, though not quite circular, might be regarded as circular in character? The answer found was that it was not. The latest calculation, sent out by Professor Howard Shapley, who first gave

### The Champion



The eyes of all tennis enthusiasts are once again on Wimbledon, where the Lawn Tennis Championships are being competed for. Will Henri Cochet, seen here in action, retain the title he won last year of Men's Singles Champion?

out the news of the discovery, is that the new world was travelling in an ellipse, and that it would take about 3191 years to go round the Sun.

After that Planet X, as it had been called, began to fall a little from its high estate. It was persistently called a comet instead of a planet, and even its original defenders began to speak of it uncertainly under the name of the Lowell Object.

Other calculations were made of its path and its movements—past, present, and future. The most extreme of the critics of whom Professor Percival Lowell used to speak as gifted objectors is Professor W. D. MacMillan, of Chicago University. He roundly declares that the Object is not a planet at all but a comet of a very unusual kind which will pass beyond vision in a few years and will continue to fly away from the Sun till the year 3495 A.D. Then it will turn back, and in the year 5089 A.D.

the Earth's astronomers will see it again as Lowell Observatory sighted it in 1930 A.D.

By that time astronomers will know vastly more about the sky and all that therein is than we know now, and it is unlikely the world will have to wait so long for knowledge of what the Lowell Object is, whence it comes, and where it goes. The C.N. will have recorded all that long before the year 5089.

Long before then astronomy will be certain whether there are planets beyond Neptune or whether there are comets or other bodies which are captured by the Sun from regions beyond its own family of planets.

We may not have centuries to wait, but perhaps only a few years or months, before we can say whether the Lowell Object is one of us, a world like unto our own, or a mere phantom of delight which fluttered into our ken only to deceive us.

### WITH WILD BEASTS BY NIGHT

#### NEW EXPERIENCES AT THE ZOO

When Monkeys Begin to Yawn  
and the Bears to Doze

#### THE WAY OF THE AYE-AYE

By Our Zoo Correspondent

This summer the Zoo is trying the experiment of keeping the menagerie open until eleven at night on Thursdays, and judging by the appearance of the Gardens and the behaviour of the animals on these Thursday evenings the scheme should be a great success.

The Zoo looks its best when the grounds are lit up by fairy lights, for the Gardens then have an air of festivity, and houses which look hard and ugly in the daylight become soft dark shadows. But it is the inmates of the menagerie that make a night visit a unique and interesting experience.

#### As Darkness Falls

The chimpanzee tea-party and the rides on the elephants and camels cannot be enjoyed, and animals who spend their nights in sleep begin to grow sleepy and slightly irritable as the evening passes. Toward ten o'clock the monkeys often begin to yawn, and even the desire of the bears for buns is satiated and they wearily sink on the floor of their homes and doze restlessly. But, on the other hand, the nocturnal creatures are in their element.

Only by paying an evening visit to the Zoo can we see those peculiar and rare creatures from Madagascar the aye-ayes. They have been in the Gardens for nearly a year, yet no day visitor has been able to study their strange habits, because whenever they are turned out of their boxes the aye-ayes run into them again. The beavers are equally elusive, for they, too, never venture forth until daylight begins to fail.

#### Jungle Beasts Once More

The lions, tigers, and other cats are naturally more active at night, and they then prowls noiselessly round their dens, and, though the tame specimens are still docile with their keepers, their manner suggests that they are about to shed their veneer of civilisation and become jungle beasts in search of prey. The wolves are also restless, while the reptiles are no longer as still as stuffed specimens, and a fortunate night visitor may be able to watch one of the large pythons climb a tree.

Even the noises of the Zoo are different at night. The sea-lions are silent, but owls are hooting and the voices of other night birds can be heard calling to each other. Darkness makes the whining of the wolves or the roar of the lions an even more terrifying sound, while the voice of an indignant penguin becomes quite eerie.



## THE PROBLEM MAN

### WHERE IS EINSTEIN GOING?

#### Deeper and Deeper in the Depths of Thought

### THE ETHER DISMISSED

The most extraordinary figure in the world of physics is Professor Albert Einstein, whose theory of Relativity has caused the greatest revolution in the realm of thought since Sir Isaac Newton reduced science from chaos to order.

Yet this wonderful man lectured at Nottingham the other night without a word of recognition from some of our chief papers.

He had come to receive an honour from Cambridge University and was persuaded by his friend Dr H. L. Brose, Professor of Physics at Nottingham University, to give a friendly lecture there to a select audience in advance. What he said at Nottingham could have only the effect of plunging the world still deeper into perplexity.

He had already laid it down in his theory of Relativity that Space is not unlimited and unconfined, as we had all supposed, but that it is limited and circular, and curves back on itself, "whatever that may mean," as Dean Inge ruefully says. The other night the professor added to this statement.

#### Space the Real Thing

He had an illness some time ago, he said, and during that time he reached a conclusion which he hopes to elaborate, making it possible to present a complete picture of the working of the Universe.

What that picture will be we may imagine from his new statement at Nottingham that space is *solid* and matter only a secondary consideration, an unsubstantial dream. He accused Michael Faraday and Sir James Clerk-Maxwell of a sort of cowardice; they were afraid, he said, to say that space is the real thing; so they invented a material which they called the ether, which has now had to be discarded.

It may be appropriate to note here that it is not really true to say that the ether is discarded by the foremost British scientists. They consider that, although ether cannot be seen, tasted, smelled, or by any means yet known proved to exist, it must be a reality. Professor Eddington, one of the most brilliant exponents of Einstein in England, says in his latest writing on the subject that "there is no space without ether and no ether which does not occupy space." Without ether, he and others hold, there could be no transmission of light and heat, and therefore there could be no life on the Earth or on any other planet; and no wireless.

#### Einstein and the Ether

To the theoretical physicist, says Professor Eddington, wireless telegraphy through the ether is much less sensational than telegraphy with wires.

However, Einstein here dismisses the ether with costs, as it were, and says space is space without ether, and *solid*!

"My colleagues," Einstein adds, "regard my views as a particular craze, and I have not their support. Nevertheless I have faith in the line of action I am taking, and I am confident the end is very near."

It is well that we should know where the views of this great man are trending, though as mere ordinary thinkers we may have mere ordinary thoughts and cannot comprehend impossibilities.

#### FARTHING

The farthing is not a very popular coin in these days, but there is at least one place where it is valued. The Belgrave Home for Children at Kingston has a Farthing Cot, and since 1915 over 1,300,000 farthings have been collected for it.

## THE KNIGHT ERRANT OF FLEET ST

ONE more old friend is gone, a friend whose wit has sparkled in every copy of the C.N. since it was born.

*Arthur St John Adcock has been laid in the grave where he laid his first-born child a month before.*

The friend of every struggling scribbler has gone to his rest. The Knight Errant of Fleet Street is walking it no more.

A great shadow it is that has fallen over the street that leads from the Crown of Saint Dunstan to the Cross of Saint Paul, for St John Adcock was of the very stuff of which our Street is made. There are men who have been in Fleet Street all their lives and passed through it unknown; this man had been in it and of it forty years, and these worn pavements have known no figure more familiar, none more beloved.

#### The Down-and-Out's Best Friend

He had lived through Fleet Street old and new; he had seen its transformation from the narrow way of the nineteenth century to the crowded thoroughfare which, more than any other street on Earth, sways the destinies of men.

And all these years this modest man, this good fellow who had always a smile and a friendly word and a bit of good counsel and an immeasurable self-sacrifice, was the finest type of Englishman who ever held a pen. Let every Down-and-Out in Fleet Street weep, for their best friend is dead.

There was nothing he would not do for them. It seems ages since he travelled fifty miles one miserable morning to seek out a famous writer drinking himself to death. It was a wretched case, but our Knight Errant would not let it go until death happily took his charge the other day. He did what he could through all those years, and in the end he begged enough pounds to save the body from a pauper's grave.

#### The Tramp in the Teashop

His was the charity that suffereth long and is kind. He believed in everybody a little; nobody was too hopeless. Long ago there was a ne'er-do-well in Fleet Street who flitted in and out of offices, and on and off papers, disappearing and appearing again until most people were sick of him, but not our Knight Errant. To the last of these disappearances he believed, and in the end the news came that the Stella had gone down and a woman had cried for a place in the boat. A man got out and made room for her; it was the Disappearing Ne'er-Do-Well.

A thousand times the end was happier than that. Just 25 years it is since I asked our Knight Errant to seek out a tramp in a Rowton House who had done some scribbling and printed it. He had picked fruit and sold pins and sung in the street for a living, but the good heart of our St John could not bear to wound a poet by calling on him in a Rowton House, and so they met in a teashop,

A lady who knew Mr St John Adcock all through the years of his work on The Bookman sends us these notes, which we gladly print.

HE was a great Christian, incessantly pressed by appeals for help. If his life could be painted in a book of pictures scene after scene would show him helping.

There would be many pictures showing his office at Hodder & Stoughton's. He would be standing with his clever head, with its wide brow, whimsical smile, and eyes expressing a blend of detachment, understanding, and friendliness, against a background of books.

A girl with a great sheaf of unaccepted drawings might be showing them to him

with some sort of sign by which they could know each other. There the poet received his first big friendly word, and today he must have been remembering it, for his name is W. H. Davies.

Two generations of life this fine fellow of our Street had seen. He was hardly on the threshold of journalism when he tried to rival Punch, and all through the never-wearying years his wit was bright and keen. He wrote a witty corner in every issue of the Children's Newspaper since its birth, and this week's corner there is probably the last thing that he ever wrote; it reached the editor after his friend was gone. This is one of his last written words:

*Somebody has been asking, What would you do if you were left a million? Take it. That was his way of writing, but everybody knows that our Knight Errant, if asked what he would do with a million, would have said, not Take it, but Give it. It was good that he gave up Law for Literature; any scamp of a client would have talked him out of his fee.*

#### Charles Kingsley's Good Fellow

His chivalry was in every forlorn hope. He seems to have been on endless papers that struggled and died. He helped to make no end of reputations. Struggling himself in the early days, too frail to insure his own life, he was the guide, friend, and burden-bearer of all who came his way. There was nothing he would not do, nowhere he would not go, to be useful or kind. He never failed. If ever contributors loved an editor it was he. If ever editors loved a contributor it was he. He was the universal man, the good fellow longing to be of use to somebody, the Knight Errant always at his post, the Galahad whose heart was pure. No man could count the things he did to make life better for a struggler. He was Charles Kingsley's good fellow, helping lame dogs over stiles.

#### A Touch of Chivalry

And now he has gone, and those who were laughing with him a day or two before can hardly believe it is true. This man who was in our heart of hearts was like a touch of ancient chivalry among us all, like a sovereign turning up among a pocketful of silver. He whose wit was clean and kind is dead from a tragic blow of Fate, his last days darkened by a shadow that must have broken his gentle heart. He has followed a child he loved into the grave (though he has gone to her, as we know, in the faith that all of us will meet again.)

Never again will our Street be quite the same, for the old familiar faces fade away. But still the memory lives, still endures among us the spirit of the brave, the mighty, and the wise,

Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake,  
For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take.

ARTHUR MEE

while his own work lay untouched. Another picture would show him at some sick author's bedside in hospital. Another would show him exploring some cottage to see if it would fit the slender finances of a widow; another would show him presiding, weary but delighted, at a Bookman Circle lecture.

One of the last letters he wrote was about a famous poet now in straitened circumstances whom he longed to help, whom he brooded over.

One of the last things he said to the writer was: "When I read over my poems in the Collected Edition I feel how much better they ought to have been." He was entirely humble.

## THE EIGHT CAVERNS OF GUILDFORD

### King John's Wine Cellar?

#### • NEW SIGHT FOR A FAMOUS TOWN

The news that Guildford's ancient caverns have been reopened, lighted with electricity and made safe for democracy cannot leave the readers of the C.N. unmoved, because, as everyone knows, all proper boys love caverns, and have done so ever since their Stone Age ancestor dwelled in them.

These caverns at Guildford, which are near Racks Close and are entered from that public pleasure ground, have no history going so far back as the Cave Men, but they were known 800 years ago, when according to legend they were put to a far less reputable use than that reserved for them in future. The wretched King John is said to have kept his wine there, and of this monarch, one of the worst kings England ever knew, we could expect nothing better. History recalls of him that he was a glutton; the Guildford caverns appear to stamp him as a winebibber.

Perhaps it is only a legend. At any rate, this unsavoury episode in the history of the caverns may well be forgotten in examining these eight communicating chambers sunk deep in the chalk. The largest is 105 by 15 feet, the smallest 33 by 17 feet. If they are not so mysterious as the den holes of the Thames Estuary they still suggest some questions about their origin.

Certainly they were quarried for their chalk, which is of a very hard kind, but long before that they might have given shelter to something of more value than the wine of King John.

#### A NEW POSSESSION

We saw a charming event last week in one of the London galleries.

At an exhibition of paintings we came upon a girl, not more than eighteen, standing in admiration before a most delightful seascape.

The water, retreating from the yellow sands, was all pearly-white foam and green-blue little ripples. White sunshine was pouring down. And as the girl gazed transfixed with delight an official of the gallery came forward, spoke to her in a low voice, and, going to the picture, placed a small red disc on it.

The girl had bought it, and her glance of perfect bliss made us want to paint her gazing on her beautiful new possession.

## THINGS SAID

The hardest thing in life is to keep on keeping on. Lady Power.

In the race for circulation many papers force down the quality and force out the good. Sir Ernest Benn.

The sun never sets upon the Scouts. Sir Ian Hamilton.

London adds to itself a town of the size of Brighton and Hove every year. The L.C.C.

I bought an automatic lawn-mower to make things easier, but it kept running from me. Lady Emily Hart Dyke.

I wonder at the patience of men listening to the advice of so many women. Lady Milner.

I could not find a single head of cattle in any picture. What is happening to rural England?

A visitor to the Royal Academy. Better be careful a thousand times than crippled once. Safety First motto. Good literature is more essential to health than most drugs.

Sir Bruce Bruce-Porter.

Have I broken the record?  
Last words of Sir Henry Stgrave.

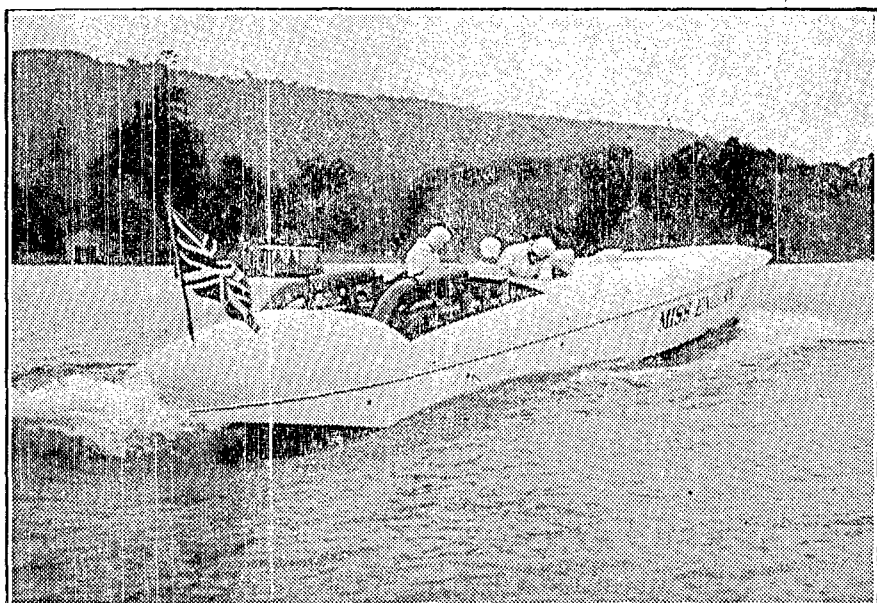


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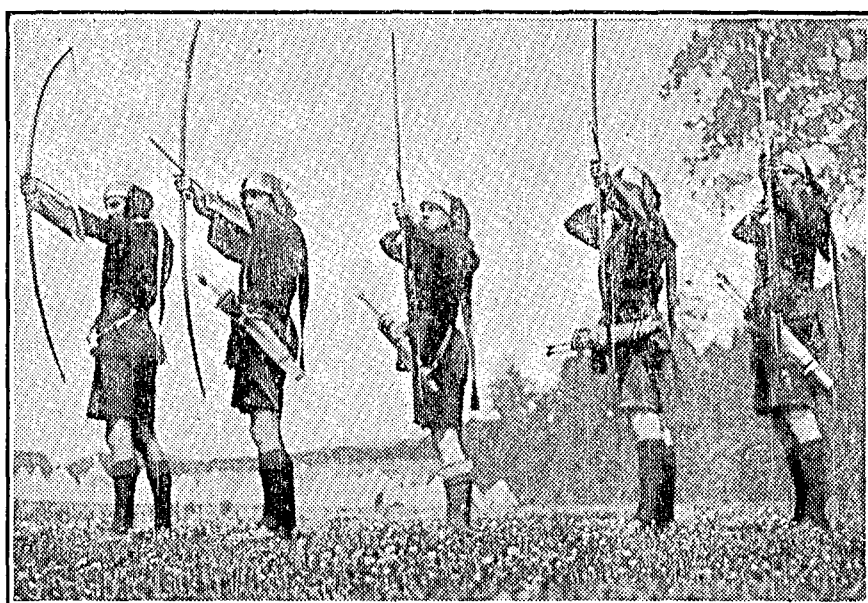
*The Children's Newspaper*

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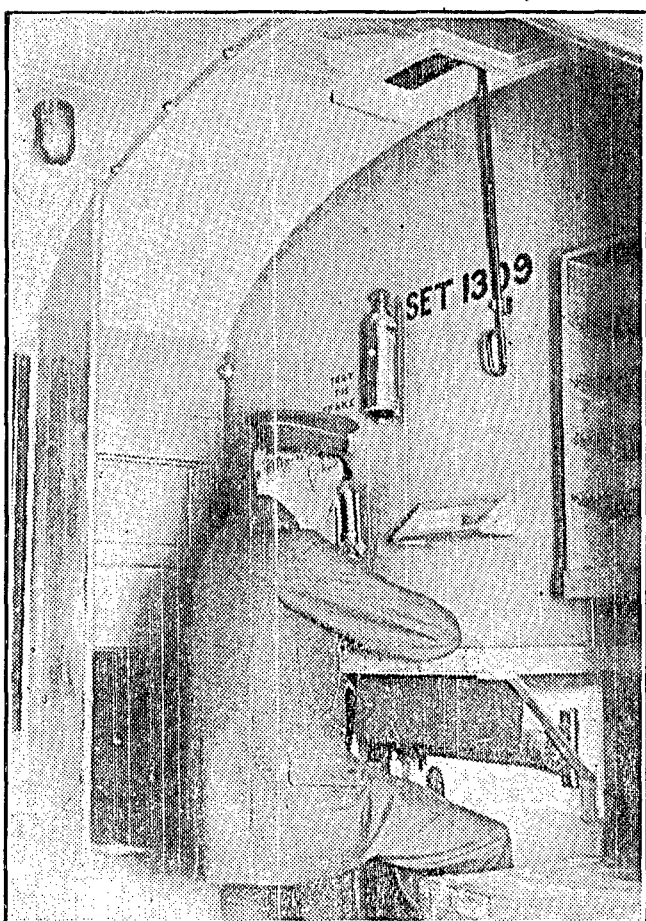
# GUARD'S PERISCOPE • A REMARKABLE WELL • GIANT RAILWAY ENGINES



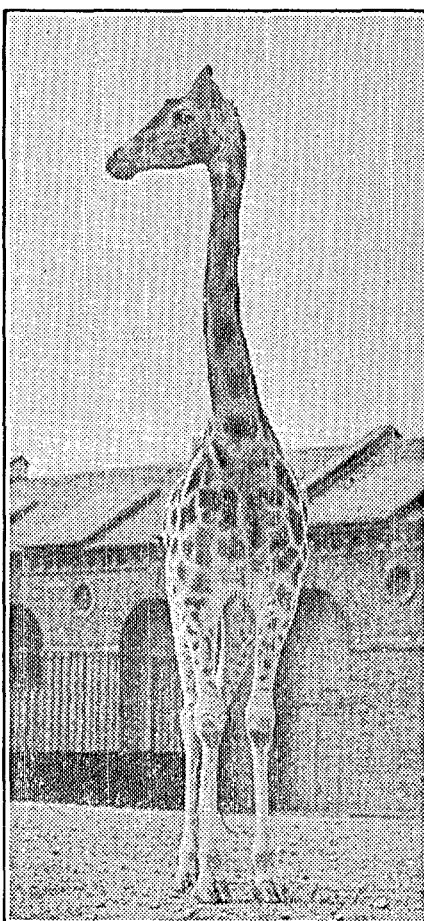
Miss England II.—The boat in which Sir Henry Segrave met disaster while travelling at over 100 miles an hour on Lake Windermere is shown in this picture.



Modern Robin Hoods—These members of the Kibbo Kift, a camping brotherhood, are taking part in an archery contest during a holiday under canvas at High Wycombe in Buckinghamshire.



Periscopes For Trains—Some electric trains of the Southern Railway have been fitted with periscopes which enable the guard to watch the signals while he sits by the emergency brake which provides an additional safeguard against accident. See page 5.



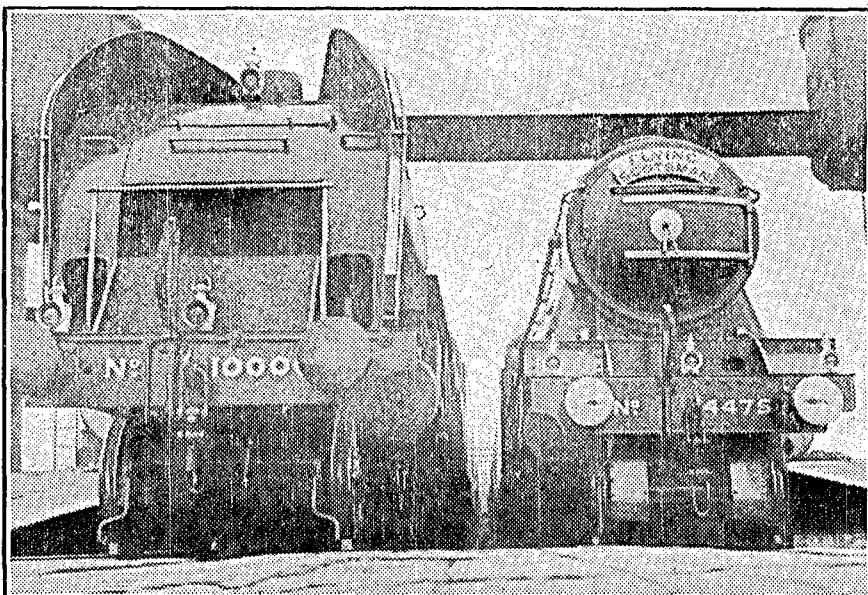
Posing For His Portrait—This tall, dignified giraffe is one of the most attractive animals at the London Zoo. Here we see him looking down from his lofty viewpoint.



A Remarkable Well—An artesian well which was being bored at Slough by the firm of C. Isler & Co. had reached a depth of more than a thousand feet when water gushed out at the rate of 250,000 gallons an hour, as shown here.



How's That?—This was not such an easy catch as it appears, for the players and the ball were farther apart than they seem to be, the picture having been taken with a telephoto lens.



Railway Giants—Two big engines of the L.N.E.R. are here seen side by side. On the left is the new No. 10,000, of revolutionary design; on the right is the famous Flying Scotsman.



## KARL GOLDMARK WHY HIS COUNTRY IS REMEMBERING HIM

The Little Lad Who Played  
Tunes on the Glasses

### THE GREAT WAR AGAIN

By Our Hungarian Correspondent

Hungary is celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the birth of one of her greatest sons, the famous musician and composer Karl Goldmark.

He was born in May, 1830, in Keszthely, West Hungary, as one of the twelve children of a poor Jewish village notary. So hard up was the family that no one would have dreamed of giving Karl musical tuition but for a chance occurrence which must have been prompted by the boy's good genius.

On the occasion of a family gathering, which was followed by a simple meal, he amused himself, thinking he was unobserved, by arranging the wine-glasses on the table according to the sounds they gave out and playing on them little tunes of his own composing. One of the guests persuaded the father to have him taught to play.

### Saved From Death

Who so happy as little Karl? Twice a week he walked to the nearest town to receive his lesson on the violin, and at 13 he was able to take part in a concert. He prepared himself by examination for a Polytechnic School, and was there when his studies were interrupted by the revolutionary upheavals of 1848.

Back in his father's house, he passed through some exciting months while the Hungarians fought their war of liberation against Austria. Once he was arrested and ordered to be hanged as a rebel; it seemed as though no power could save him from a shameful death. Yet a trivial incident turned the scales in his favour. In the scuffle of his arrest his threadbare coat had been torn so that his braces showed through the rent, and it was seen that they were striped yellow and black, the Austrian colours. Had they been red, white, and green he would have been hanged. As it was he was dismissed with a caution, and the world for generations to come was the richer in consequence.

### Milk and Cucumbers

As soon as peace and order were restored Karl Goldmark returned to Vienna, where he got a post as fiddler in a theatre. He was so poor that he lived for months on nothing but milk and cucumbers. Then his good genius once more intervened. He was asked to give piano lessons, in exchange for meals, to a gifted girl named Karoline Bettelheim. She became a famous opera singer, and she, her mother, and her brother remained Goldmark's friends during the rest of their lives. It was Karoline's mother who suggested that he should write an opera on the subject of the Queen of Sheba, so firing his imagination that he set to work on it at once. The opera brought him fame.

### Victims of the War

Karl Goldmark lived to be 84, and would have had a green old age, full of inspiring work and the love of friends, had not war come to trouble the end of his life as it had troubled its beginning. Travelling home in the first turmoil of mobilisation, he lost, together with his luggage, the fruit of much loving labour, the score of a newly-composed quintet. This disaster was soon swallowed up by the grief of seeing his beloved grandson go out to the front. For five months he bore the strain, then his health gave way, and he was already ill when the dreaded news arrived that the cherished young life was over. It was as if he had but waited for this. On the second day of 1915 he breathed his last, to the grief of all who knew him and of a vast multitude who did not.

## The Greatest Problem Under the Flag TEEMING INDIA IN A BLUE BOOK

The Troubles of an Empire With Hundreds of  
States and Hundreds of Millions of People

### STRANGEST COLLECTION OF PEOPLE AND PROBLEMS IN THE WORLD

Never before in history has a ruling nation accomplished such wonders for a people as the handful of Britons who govern India; yet ingratitude, and conspiracy, tending increasingly to bloodshed, are rife among an active minority of the population there.

Three years ago a Commission, representative of every grade of thought and opinion in the British Commonwealth, was set up to explore the whole question of the future relations of India and this country. It is known as the Simon Commission, and the first part of its Report, now issued, proves one of the most astonishing documents ever given to the world.

### India a World to Itself

The hotheads and fanatics in India who would attempt a century's work in a day and ruin the land must recognise, if they read this Report, that the problems besetting reform are the most complex, difficult, and dangerous problems now confronting mankind. It needs but the withdrawal of British rule to set India on fire from end to end and to bathe the land in blood.

India is as a world to itself. The total area involved is 1,800,000 square miles, twenty times the size of Britain. Its population is 320 millions, a fifth of the entire population of the Earth. Britain governs 700,000 square miles of this, with 247 million people, the remainder being ruled by native princes in nearly 600 Native States. The Native States are nominally independent, subject only to their princes, but they admit the British Commonwealth as overlord.

The mere size of India is difficult enough, but there is the added difficulty that methods of government are not understood by the people as a whole, seeing that only 16 men in 1000 can read and write. Any measure of reform has a thousand different aspects for a population so scattered, and so divided in thought, religion, and customs.

For numbers and ignorance are but the beginning of the problem. India has over 200 languages, and English is the only language which serves as common speech among all educated classes. There is a host of religious faiths. There is a Christian Church 1500 years old. There are the Hindus, who number 216 millions; but scattered through this immense and far-spread community are 70 million Moslems, descendants of the Mogul and other invaders of bygone India who gave her much of her finest architecture and many of her established institutions.

### Fierce Rivalry of Religions

There is the fiercest rivalry between these two creeds. Hindus regard the cow as sacred; Moslems sacrifice it at their most important festivals. Hindus and Moslems have different calendars and their dates clash, with the result that a day of mourning for Moslems may be a day of festival for Hindus, and the result may be a battle.

There are other conflicting creeds, some so primitive that their followers worship objects of Nature and the spirits supposed to reside in them. A mere handful of British people has to hold these warring elements together in peace, and it has done it all these years with almost incredible success.

But the tale is not yet half told. Representative government has aspects almost beyond our understanding at home. We consider a constituency large if it covers a few hundred square miles and has a few thousand electors; but in India a constituency may cover 6000 square miles and have hundreds of thousands of electors.

To reach Parliament a representative of Madras has to travel 70 hours in the train; while a Burmese representative must spend nearly a week travelling by train and ship to take his seat at Delhi. Then so many of the voters are illiterate that their voting cards, useless if they contain only written names, resort to symbols; and the various candidates are set forth in pictures as flag, gun, elephant, tiger, a hand, a pair of scales, an umbrella, a bicycle, and so on.

Life in India is largely rural. There are half a million villages, many of them untouched by metalled roads, by post or telegraph, tiny worlds to themselves.

The moneylender is in every village and has practically all the natives in his grip, for they are his debtors and he generally owns the village shop as well as dominates the affairs of the peasants.

Most difficult of all is the frightful caste system. There are 2300 different castes in India, and no one born in one caste may marry or associate with anyone born in another. This system apparently had its origin in an ancient determination of fair-skinned invaders not to permit their own relatives to marry or mix with people of darker hue. The system has spread with extraordinary effects in unforeseeable directions.

### Hard Lot of the Untouchables

The merciless isolation of classes is rigorous from the highest to the lowest. To the high-caste Hindu people of other castes are untouchable; he is polluted by the mere touch of the shadow of another; and these Untouchables are numbered in scores of millions. They are the saddest community of human beings in the world.

Children of the Untouchables are not permitted to enter the schools of other children although the State pays for their education. They must stay outside the walls of the school and learn their lessons there. This barrier exists throughout life. There are places in India where the native authorities have let the roads fall into ruin rather than employ Untouchable labour in the work of repairing them.

In Malabar the Untouchable may not approach a Hindu of higher caste within a certain distance, and if he sees him walking in the street he must leave the road or call aloud to give the other warning of his approach. No valour, intellect, worth, wealth, or eminence whatsoever can ever make the Untouchable acceptable to the rest; he was born in the wrong caste and is fated to be for ever beyond the pale.

The system of shutting women up in windowless, unventilated dwellings where the cares of motherhood come to them before they are ten is blamed for the heavy death-rate among them.

### What Britain Has Done

Over this welter of unhappiness and discord the little British community presides, and has done more for the improvement, and the uplift of the people, for the creation and fostering of its industries, the enlarging of its liberties and privileges, than any other agency the land has known.

Yet, all told, the Civil Service of India, with its million and a half officials, includes but 17,500 Britons, and the Army contains only 60,000 British soldiers. It is a marvellous story, full of difficulty and danger. What we are to do with this stupendous problem the second Report of the Commission shows us. We shall deal with that in due course. Could she but know, India would be glad and grateful and happily content to wait awhile for the reforms that are to come.

## FEWER ACRES FOR THE PLOUGH A Million Less Than Before the War

The area of ploughed land in Great Britain continues to fall. In 1929 it fell below ten million acres, the reduction in the year being 161,000 acres.

Since 1914 the fall in this arable area has been a million acres, which means that these acres, which used to grow corn, root, and other crops, have been converted for pasture or rough grazing.

As the ploughed land decreases in quantity the number of agricultural workers falls considerably. The number of British agricultural workers is now roundly 770,000.

Unfortunately the number of casual workers on the land increases at the expense of regular workers, though this is not brought out by the unemployment returns, which relate solely to industrial workers.

The livestock on British farms continued to fall last year. The number of cattle fell by 69,000, or one per cent. The number of pigs fell heavily, being reduced by one-fifth.

### THE BUS AND THE BIRD

A good Plymouth reader of the C.N. sends us this note on kindness in the countryside.

Reading in the C.N. of the motorist who knocked over a terrier and went on, I thought of an incident on a ride in Cornwall the other day.

My son and I were in a G.W.R. bus going from Saltash to Callington when, in a country road, the driver slowed up and the conductor alighted.

We craned our necks to see the reason, and found that in the middle of the road was a young grey wagtail which had left its nest a day too soon. Amid loud cries from the old birds the conductor carefully lifted the fledgling and placed it in the hedge, where he thought it would be safe.

### THE BRIGHT SIDE

Trotsky has been writing his life-story in exile, and it is one long record of imprisonment and exile. Twice he was exiled by the tsarist Government, and now he has been exiled by the Soviet.

One day a friend visited him in prison and was surprised to find him so cheerful. But Trotsky explained: "I feel splendid. I sit and work and feel perfectly sure I can't be arrested."

Trotsky certainly knows how to look on the bright side. That is fortunate, because he has been kicked out of his motherland three times in his 50 years of life, and only a philosopher could take that experience calmly.

### NEWS FROM VENICE

The news from Italy is that Venice has mysteriously lost the terrible smells that arose from her canals.

At least she had, a week or so ago, and such is the spell of the Duce on his country that people were saying that it was Mussolini who had managed it.

Anyway, Venice is improved without these odours. It is lovelier than ever; St Ursula still slumbers on her bed in the incomparable Carpaccio. Even the busy motor-boats fussing up the canals do not matter; you can always turn your eyes from them to the grave black gondolas.

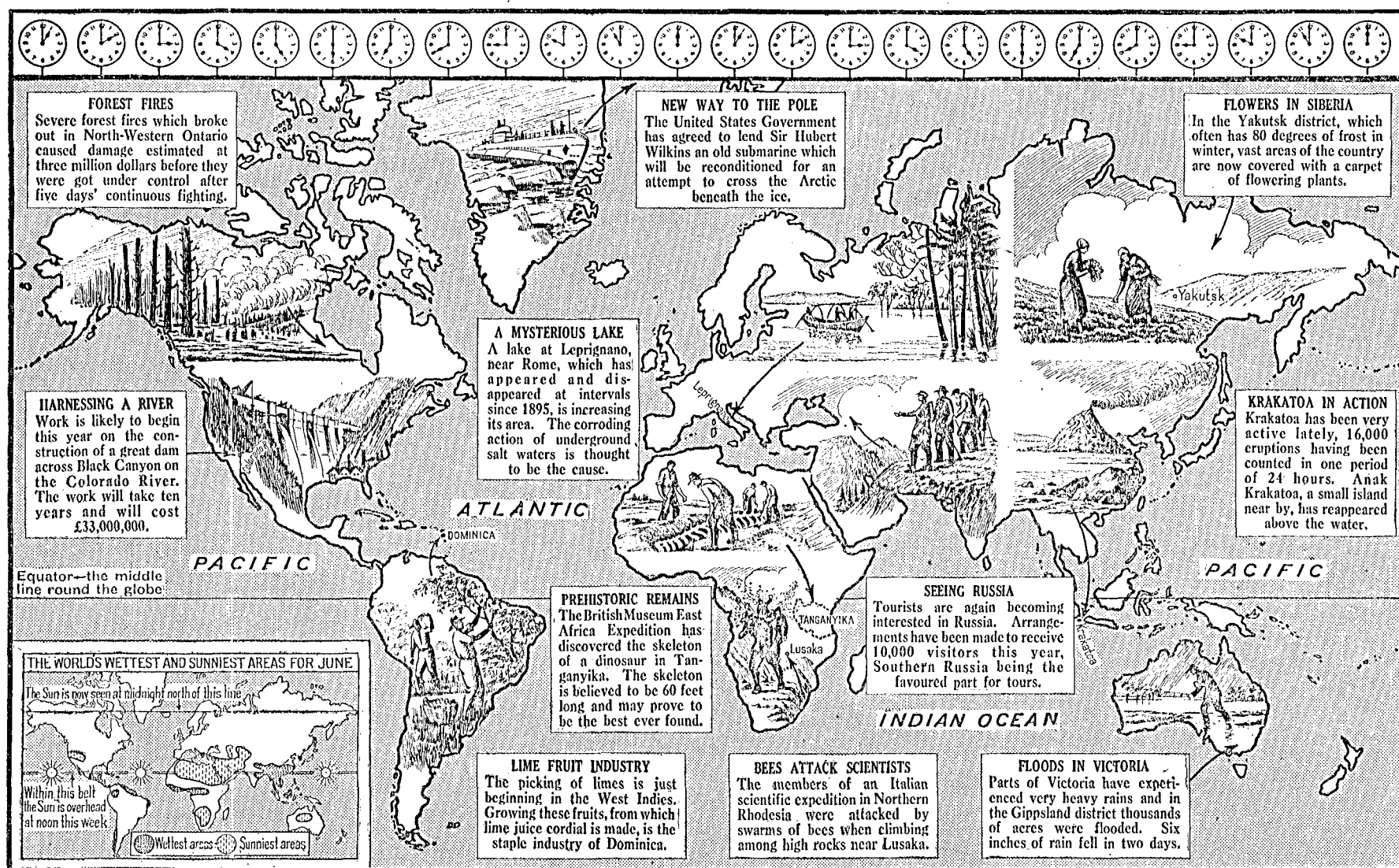
### OLD MICKLEGATE

St Martin's Church in Micklegate, York, has been keeping its seven-hundredth anniversary.

The original church dates from Saxon times and was built of timber; it was associated with a second church, of which the ruins still exist. Although the parish has never had more than 400 people it has given York 28 lord mayors, 28 sheriffs, and three members of Parliament.



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## ONE SORT OF KING Carol of Rumania

Rumania, in its choice of King Carol to rule over it, offers an example of the proverb that you cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

The League of Nations tried to make Rumania a great nation by giving it a slice of Hungary. But after the responsible statesmen of Rumania had shown their sense of the new place which the country was to occupy in Europe by expelling a prince who had shown himself unworthy of his high position the Rumanian people have allowed a group of military officers to call him back again.

Rumania's military clique have done worse for their country in the Peace than in the War, for they have endangered Rumania's future welfare as well as the peace of the Balkan peoples. Nearly 30 years ago a Serbian king whose private life was tinged with profligacy was murdered, and Serbia was plunged into revolution.

History seldom exactly repeats itself, but the light-hearted way in which Rumania is trifling with its future, and condoning wickedness on the part of its ruler, makes serious people tremble for its future and for that of its neighbours. If a country has the king it deserves Rumania must be in a sad condition.

## OUR PEOPLE SINCE THE CONQUEST

Here are some interesting facts about the growth of the population of England and Wales since the Conquest.

In 1066 it is estimated to have been 1,500,000. In 1415 it was 3,000,000. In 1509 it was 4,000,000, and in 1603 a million more. In 1660 it was 5,500,000, and in 1760 seven millions.

From 1801 we have exact census figures for every ten years. In 1801 it was 8,892,536; 40 years later 15,914,148; and in 1881 the number had grown to 25,974,439. At the last census, 1921, the population was 37,885,242.

## THE PERISCOPE FOR THE GUARD'S VAN

All the people in the train are requested not to put their heads out of window—except the guard.

The guard, who is as likely as anyone else to get a piece of coal in his eye, has to look out of the window now and again in the interests of the passengers. If, in the pursuance of his duty, his eye failed him, or even if his cap blew off, the passengers might suffer.

The provision of periscopes for guards is now proposed by some of the railways, and is already in operation on some of the Southern Railway's electric trains; and it is such a sensible precaution that we wonder no one thought of it before.

The periscope will go up through the roof of the guard's van, and while this indispensable official sits at the hand-brake he will be able to see the signals ahead. At a moment's notice he can apply the brake. The periscope will be the guard's third eye. *Picture on page 3*

## WANDERING MONKEYS

Two monkeys at large in the Bois de Boulogne have made almost as much stir in Paris as those escaping in Regent's Park aroused in London not long ago.

One was soon captured. It had breakfasted off a cake of soap in a flat at Neuilly, and fell captive to a hunting party of policemen and firemen.

Its mate came to the same flat in search of the unlucky soap eater, and lunched more prudently on mineral water and newspapers, with jam tart to follow. Thus fortified, it retired to a neighbouring tree, and sucked its fingers in the face of the spectators.

Since then no one has found it, though rumours have appeared in the newspapers of its whereabouts.

## THE NEXT STEP IN FLYING

### Chance for the Heavy Oils

An aeroplane flew from Turin to Rome to take part in the Italian air pageant.

There would be nothing to wonder at in that, but this aeroplane's engine was fed by naphtha.

Naphtha is one of the heavy oils, which are at present suited only to special engines, such as the Diesel engine.

But if naphtha can be employed instead of the light oils now in use the cost will be cut down, there will be practically no risk of explosion of the oil tank, and less fuel will be consumed.

Still more of the world will go up in the air when aeroplane engines can be driven on heavy oils.

## I. L. O.

Toward the middle of June opened the fourteenth Conference of the International Labour Office, and the first delegate to speak from the tribune was the leader of the British delegation, our Minister of Labour, Miss Margaret Bondfield.

A fuller measure of States than ever before is represented at this conference, only Argentina, Salvador, and Abyssinia being absent. New Zealand for the first time has sent a delegation, and Mexico, not a member, is following the discussions through an Observer. This goodly number is a happy celebration of the tenth anniversary year of the League.

Three questions are before the conference. Two of them were very fully studied at the conference of last year; they have been considered by Governments in the interval and are now before the delegates for final decision. These are the general prohibition of forced labour, with its humane regulation in certain exceptional circumstances, and the hours of work of salaried employees. The third question, hours of work in coal mines, is on the agenda for the first time.

## FOR LOVE OF HIS HORSES

### Better Late Than Never

"Better late than never," Curtis Harrison must have thought when he received the American Distinguished Service Cross for something he did 12 years ago.

During a tremendous German gas attack he rushed to the stables where a number of horses and mules were fastened. He not only put on their gas masks, but stayed with the frightened creatures for twelve hours, tending and encouraging them till the attack was over. Twice he was thrown down by the concussion of shells, and he was wounded by shrapnel. Evidently the enemy marksmen knew all about that stable, but Harrison would not leave the poor beasts to their fate while seeking safety himself. Perhaps he thought:

"If men are mad enough and bad enough to make war, they ought to leave helpless animals out of it."

## HE HAD NOTHING

Among the Gladstone papers which have just been given to the nation is a letter from Florence Nightingale written in 1879 on the death of Lord Lawrence, who had been Governor-General in India.

After speaking of his devoted work for India, and his unselfishness, she says that Lady Lawrence wanted to give each of the dead man's friends something which had belonged to his personal use.

"But it was found he had nothing. There were some old clothes and many boots (patched), but nothing else, not even a pin, except his watch, twenty years old, and his walking-stick, which she kept."

That noble-hearted man must have remembered the tremendous phrase, too often forgotten, *A shroud has no pockets*, and that epitaph:

*What I spent I had; what I kept I lost; what I gave I have.*



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JUNE 28 1930

## Wild Rose Time

THE wild roses are out along the hedgerows, and the English year is at its unspoiled best.

It is one of the high moments to which so much else was preparation. Wild rose time is the fulfilment to which the year's early harbingers and early disciplines pointed. This is summer, with its light and beauty and its fragrance, of which we dreamed in winter's darkest days.

It is a swiftly-passing time, for the flowers "haste so soon away." The flowers have barely a two-days life after the buds open, and the wild rose season is completed in some three weeks.

All who can should pay a pilgrimage to the lanes before it is too late. Into this poetry of flowers has the brown earth been lifted. Here is the song of the blossoms that has ascended out of the mute clod.

The wildness of the wild rose is in itself a recommendation. Flowers that have a right to that adjective usually find an open way to our hearts. Wildness fascinates. Being wild they are free. Unlike garden flowers they are not hedged about by prohibitions. That they have none to care for them, no visible gardener, endears them to us so much the more; they are the flowers of Nature's own garden, proof of beauty at the heart of life.

There is something in wildness in the case of flowers for the loss of which no culture ever fully compensates. We may and do admire the highly cultivated roses in a florist's window, but we love the wild rose of the hedgerow. More than all the blooms of a rose garden the wild pink and the wild white roses of the summer's wayside hold the heart. There is something unusually attractive in their loveliness that is not the exclusive possession of a few, but is there for all—for the poor no less than for the rich, for privileged and unprivileged alike.

A little fellow out of a city slum, spending a holiday in the country, was caught in an orchard helping himself to apples. On being reprimanded he wanted to know where the public apple trees were. Unfortunately there is none, but there are public rose trees. The wild roses of the hedgerows, like most the best things of life, such as a mother's love or God's grace, are free to all. Rarity is a vulgar standard of value. That such things are free makes them all the more wonderful.

It would be a lovely Wild Rose Time resolution to help someone from a slum to see a lane festooned with roses; for pleasures shared are always doubled in value. Who knows how far so small an act of kindness may reach?



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## The Little Gods Again

WE are told once more that if stag-hunting is abolished a great blow will be struck at the prosperity of certain parts of Somerset and Devon, that certain trades will languish and certain people will lose their livelihood.

It is all very like the cry of the silversmiths in the streets of Ephesus, who would have abolished Christianity to save their trade in making little gods. Our own view is that whatever lives on cruelty should perish.

## Our Luck

A NOVEL about the peerage has just been published which differs from many others because the writer belongs to a great family and knows what she writes about.

One of her characters is a duke who says: "It is an awful thing to have been born a duke, Leonard; a paralysing thing. It doesn't give one a fair chance."

If the rest of us have sometimes thought ourselves unlucky we must never do it again. Think what we have escaped! We might have been dukes. Better, far better, to be breadwinners.

## When

WHEN Christianity is, as it should be, international, and, recognising that there is only one God of all the Universe, joins hands the world over to set itself against any war that is threatened, we may have peace in our time, but not till then—unless the League of Nations, a secular body, succeeds where the Churches have so far failed. Some of the last words of St John Adcock in *The Bookman*

## The Voice That Came Back

SOMEHOW we imagine the inventor to be a cool scientific fellow, but we had a fresh glimpse into the personality of that ceaselessly wonderful man Edison the other day.

It was through a story he told a friend of the days when he was experimenting with the phonograph.

He had tried for hours, and had forgotten to eat, but no voice came back to him. All of a sudden he heard what he had repeated into the machine, no less a rhyme than the immortal Mary Had a Little Lamb. Edison almost fainted with joy and shock; he was so frightened at his weak pulse that he said to himself, "If I am going to die, this thing must be known first." He went out of his house dizzily, blundered into a friend's office, and told him the news. "If I fall ill, remember what I tell you. It can be done. It has been done!"

We like to think that even Edison is surprised at something sometimes.

## Peer 47

A YEAR ago I warned the Air Minister that if he refused to give names to our airships I would refer to him as Peer 47. I will now carry out that threat.

Mr A. P. Herbert

## Joan

WE read in *The Times* that England has no worthy memorial of Joan of Arc, but we have at least set her up, enshrined in gold, facing her accuser in his own cathedral.

## The Moorhen of Bonchurch

ON an island in this pond each year a moorhen makes her nest, exhibiting to all an example of industry, patience, and mother-love most worthy of imitation. Also, she never throws rubbish into the pond, thus adding to her many virtues the crown of neatness.

Notice by Bonchurch Pond in the Isle of Wight, set up by Mr H. de Vere Stacpoole

## Tip-Cat

THE French journalist who posted a bomb to his employer probably said he was only sending in a report.

MIDDLE-AGE is the best time, says a writer. Others think it is only middling.

FASHIONABLE women insist on high heels. Their way into the height of fashion.

THE private member of Parliament thinks as he is told. Not privately.

MODERN youth is the best raw material the world has ever

seen. So it should avoid getting into a stew.

IN isolation, it is said, man can never find himself. Yet he is by himself.

SOMEONE says Shakespeare intended his

plays to be acted in semi-darkness. Yet critics are always trying to throw light on them.

CAMEL skin can never be worn out. Except by the camel.

THE pig is said to be more cautious in traffic than the average pedestrian. It knows how to save its bacon.

WHAT would you do if you were left a million? asks a writer. Take it.

## THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

AN unknown friend has sent £1000 to the Bishop of Southwark for his Cathedral.

OVER £250,000 was collected in London streets last year for charities.

LANCASHIRE Boy Scouts are being given 67 acres of pine woods for camping.

## The Heart That Was Never Old

One C.N. poet, our friend Dr Macfie, remembering the birthday of another C.N. poet not long ago, wrote him these lines, which we printed at the time as a tribute to Mr St John Adcock, who now sleeps in the grave where he laid his daughter a few weeks ago.

HERE, in a world where hearts grow old,  
You still retain your heart of a boy;  
For still you follow and uphold  
A creed of charity and joy.

HERE, in a world where hearts grow cold,  
Life still runs warmly in your blood;  
For still your April dreams unfold  
Blossom on blossom, bud on bud.

HERE, in a world where hearts grow old,  
Your heart is still with youth aglow;  
For beauty still you make and mould  
And beauty still you reap and sow.

HERE, in a world where hearts grow cold,  
Warm to your heart returns the love  
That you to all the world have doled  
As to its nest a homing dove.

HERE, in a world where hearts grow old,  
Still young and full of hope you live;  
For, like a star by stars controlled,  
New light you gain from light you give.  
Ronald Campbell Macfie to  
Arthur St John Adcock

## Thoughts of Yesterday

Is there any reading quite so interesting as a diary of, say, thirty years back? In one recently published we have come across some entries which we think may amuse our readers.

OCT. 1, 1900. I saw So and So in Dover St. sitting in a large motor-car with a tonneau body. He informs me he is off to Leicestershire to help a friend in the election, and has adopted this novel vehicle as a method of taking people to the polls. A motor-car maker tells me that he will not be surprised if motor-cars are used in future as much as horses! A newspaper has issued a warning on the dangers of motoring.

Dec. 31, 1901. Rider Haggard dined with me tonight, and we discussed the affairs of the world during the past year. He is full of his Back to the Land idea, and visualises England in the next generation as a happy, contented nation of small agriculturists on the Danish system.

Feb. 8, 1908. Melville Stone is a great visionary. "I can foresee the time," he said with glowing eyes, "when people far apart will carry on conversation without the use of wires, even as far off as Paris or Brussels. It is a long way off, but it is among the possibilities."

August 25, 1909. Flying across the Channel means nothing after you have done it. You can't carry goods or passengers.

My business is not to remake myself, but to make the absolute best of what God made.  
Browning



June 28, 1930

## The Children's Newspaper

7

WHO RULES IN  
MALTA?THE PRIME MINISTER OR  
THE POPE?Extraordinary Interference in  
a British Colony

## VERY CURIOUS STORY

People are recalling the days of Thomas Becket for a parallel to the dispute between the British Government and the Pope which has arisen over the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church toward Lord Strickland, Prime Minister of Malta.

Malta, with the neighbouring island of Gozo, is a self-governing British colony, the most completely Roman State in the Empire, and Lord Strickland, its Prime Minister, is himself a Roman Catholic. Thus it is no question of Protestant versus Roman, but rather of the revival of a quarrel which has arisen at intervals among Roman Catholics themselves as to the limits within which the Head of the Church may venture to interfere in the affairs of a Sovereign State.

## Origin of the Trouble

The quarrel had a curious beginning. Father Carta, head of the Franciscan convents in Malta, ordered Father Micallef to leave Malta for Sicily against his will, and Lord Strickland quashed this order on the ground that a British subject cannot be expelled from British territory by a foreign Power. The Papal Secretary at the Vatican protested, but the British Government naturally supported Lord Strickland.

The Church authorities were greatly incensed, and when a General Election in the islands was approaching the Archbishop of Malta announced that no good Roman could vote for Lord Strickland or for the party supporting him. This made it impossible to hold the elections, which have had to be postponed indefinitely. Meanwhile, island fanaticism was aroused by these pronouncements and an attempt was made to assassinate the Prime Minister. When it was proposed to sing a *Te Deum* in the cathedral for his escape the archbishop forbade the service!

## Church and State

All the time matters were working up to this climax endeavours were being made to find a working arrangement (called a Concordat) such as is customary in Roman Catholic countries defining the relations of Church and State. These endeavours have broken down because of the refusal of the Pope to deal with Lord Strickland.

The protests of the British Government have been weighty and emphatic. To declare the head of a British Government *persona non grata* (as the saying goes) was, said our Government, "incompatible with friendly diplomatic relations," and the instructions to Maltese electors through their clergy were "a direct incitement to discredit, and even to resist, the freely and constitutionally elected Government of the Colony."

## An Unjustifiable Claim

The Vatican, said Mr Henderson in his final dispatch, "have now refused to take the steps necessary for the restoration of a normal political life in Malta, while before that they had delayed many months the long-promised negotiations for defining the relations between Church and State in the islands, and finally rendered them impossible by attaching a condition as to the personality of the head of the Maltese Administration which constitutes nothing less than a claim to interfere in the domestic politics of a British colony."

There, as we write, the matter rests, but, there, quite clearly, it cannot end, for such interference can never be allowed in a British community.

## ARABIA'S UNKNOWN DESERT

A LITTLE bit more of the map of the world has been filled in.

The little bit can just be seen in the big atlas which includes Southern Arabia, and it is part of the Ruba al Khali. That is the name of the great uncrossed desert in Arabia, and it is still uncrossed, though the latest explorer, Captain B. S. Thomas, who writes his name on the map, has reached its heart.

Having arrived there, he was faced with the heartbreaking choice of going forward with the almost complete certainty of dying of thirst, or of turning back while there was yet time.

It was not thirst alone that drove him back. His camels were mountain bred

and almost useless in the loose, billowing sands of this desert, which is one of the hottest places in the world. Far as eye could reach wave after wave of red sand dunes stretched without end. Some were so steep that even a camel had to be led down them. It was hopeless. He turned back.

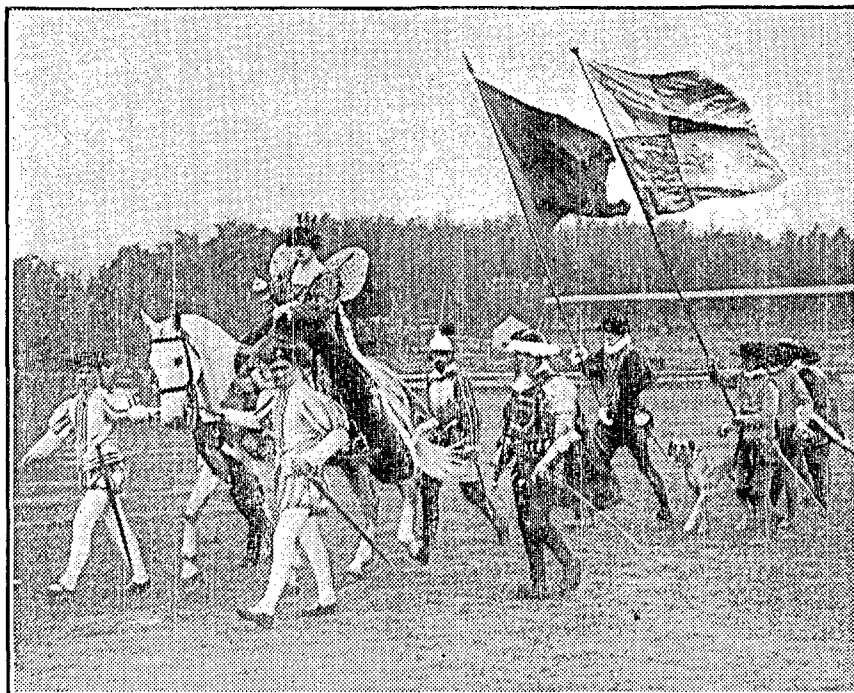
Five weeks he was away, and the Arabs at Dhufar, who fear and dread this furnace waste, could hardly believe that he would ever return. No Arab has yet crossed the Ruba al Khali, and they think that none inhabit there but djinns.

It has conquered many. Captain Thomas has not conquered it. But he has crossed out a patch of the unknown.

## THE ARMY'S PAGEANT OF HISTORY



A company of pikemen on the march



Queen Elizabeth and some of her attendants

Each year at the great Searchlight Tattoo, held in the vast natural arena at Rushmoor, Aldershot, one of the most popular parts of the programme deals with events in British history. Here are two interesting scenes from this year's pageant.

## IS IT TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE?

DR PFEIFFER, who is an authority whose statements must be received with respect, declares that he has found the bacillus of the common cold.

It seems too good to be true. The cause and the cure of the common cold have baffled physicians for 2000 years. The only thing as common which they cannot prevent is the common headache. A very great physician once said, "We all have headaches at times," and we all have at times the common cold.

It ruins the comfort of millions of people at least once a year. It is doubtful if more than one Londoner in a hundred thousand escapes it two years in succession. It costs hundreds of millions of pounds in wages.

If indeed Dr Pfeiffer has found the germ, which he has actually named *Micrococcus caryza*, the second word being the physician's name for the common snuffling cold in the head, he should be rewarded with a monument as high as the statue of Liberty.

But there have been so many disappointments about the finding of the germ of the common cold that we shall not throw our handkerchiefs up in the air just yet. So often the germ which has been discovered has proved to be not the original criminal, but only what lawyers call an accessory after the fact, a marauder who has found a way in after the unknown bacillus has unlocked the door.

MR GREATHEART  
IN CHINAIN THE HANDS OF THE  
BANDITSThe Adventures That Come  
Into the Life of a Missionary

## IN PERILS OFT

The trials endured by the Rev C. A. Bridgman, a missionary at Fowchow, and his companion Din, a Chinese pastor, who both fell into the hands of Chinese bandits, are a repetition of the story told by the Apostle Paul in his Second Epistle to the Corinthians.

"In journeyings often, in perils of robbers, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the wilderness. . . . In weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fasting often, in cold and nakedness."

## Ambassadors of Christ

These two humble ambassadors of Christ in China were visiting some of the Fowchow Mission's outlying stations in the Province of Szechwan and were chatting with friends in a village when bandits rushed in on them and bore them off to the hills. Mr Bridgman, telling the story, remarks that, from the firm pressure of one pistol at the back of his neck and another in the pit of his stomach, he concluded they were desperate men, and he formed a quick decision to waive any objections.

His sense of humour and his courage were both sorely needed. The bandits declared they wanted £50,000 ransom for himself and about £30,000 for Pastor Din. But the missionary had already told his wife that if ever he were captured not a penny of mission money was to be paid for his ransom.

All the bandits could extort from him was a letter to a friend in Fowchow asking him to pay £20. This reduced sum did not suit the bandits, who marched him on and on, telling him the horrible things they would do if he did not pay more.

## Horrors of a Prison Cell

Threats having no effect, they locked the obstinate missionary and his Chinese companion in the granary of a lonely farm. This prison cell was less than six feet wide, and here they were kept eight days to break their spirit. Air could get to them only through a broken board which left an opening about three inches wide.

They were half-starved, and half-eaten by vermin. Their guard stood over them with a revolver while they chewed their sour rice; and he was so afraid they might escape, bringing the vengeance of his companions full on him, that he forbade them to cough, or blow their noses, or strike at the rats which clambered over them at night.

As an extra precaution Mr Bridgman's feet were put in irons after six days of this captivity; but on the eighth day both prisoners were removed from their cell and marched to another farmhouse. Here, wonderful to relate, they met with a friend. They were both put in irons and flung on a Chinese bed. But the young farmer, who had smoked in silence when they were brought in, presently spread a rug over them.

## A Sign From Heaven

It was a touch of human kindness, a sign from Heaven. The kindness did not end there. The captives were given good food by the farm peasants, and water to wash in.

So passed another eight days, and the vigilance of the guards seemed to relax. Whatever the cause, the family of the farmhouse went out, and no guard was left at the door. They escaped!

The shackles were still on their feet. They were at least forty miles from Fowchow, in hilly country strange to them. But they found their way back and were welcomed almost as men returned from the dead.



## THE PEOPLE'S PARLIAMENT

### League of Nations and the Life of Millions

By Our League Correspondent

Wide open to the world as are always the doors of the League of Nations they seem to be wider open than usual during June. In and out of Room C of the Secretariat since the beginning of the month have passed men whose work lies in Asia, Africa, Australia, and the islands of the Pacific. They have met to talk, not about the politics of these countries but about the people. These people are the natives of the Mandated Territories, and it is to meet the Mandates Commission of the League that administrators from the Territories and secretaries from Colonial Offices come.

### Against Forced Labour

June is also the month for the annual Conference of the International Labour Office, and to this come workers, employers, and Government representatives from all the States in the League. They, too, are concentrating on matters concerning native populations of backward countries, on the forced or compulsory labour exacted from them. Governments have a year in which to think about the proposed international agreement for abolishing such labour. The subject was threshed out at the last Conference, and now a draft agreement is being considered. If it be accepted this forced labour will disappear in a stated time.

Two other subjects are claiming the attention of the Conference: hours of work of salaried employees and hours of work in coal mines. In each of these three matters the Conference is dealing with a class of workers whose special problems have not hitherto formed a subject for action by the I.L.O., and the results will affect the wellbeing of millions of workers.

## THIS WONDERFUL LAND OF OURS

### A Day's Walk in It

Though it is late, we are sure our readers will enjoy reading this passage in an admirable letter in *The Times* from Mr W. B. Hardy.

Some talk of unemployment and some of decadence. I desire, if I may, to talk of these islands of ours, in which it has been said you can write poetry with your left hand, so compact are they of beauty.

Their unique feature is diversity. In America the scenic type rests unchanged for perhaps 1000 miles. It is scenery on the grand scale, wonderful, but, to me at any rate, wanting in the friendly touch. Here the stranger is invited to a domestic collection of choice specimens conveniently arranged and illustrative of all known types.

He may move in a day's walk (if he still can walk) from mountain to fen, from steppe as perfect in fauna and flora as any in Asia to the richest farmland. Or, if he has a yacht, he can in that best playground of the world, the west coast of Scotland, shift his berth every 24 hours and see scarcely a house till dwindling stores drive him to shops, and have at choice fine sailing breezes and smooth water, or as rough a tumble as even the Bay of Fundy can afford.

For example, take the south road from Cornwall—I have it fresh in my memory. It leads over granite moors, through red farmlands to the chalk hills of West Dorset, tumbled like a heavy sea in a calm, and thence to the New Forest through a patch peppered with bungalows, where the mind dwells with complacency on a falling birth-rate. Beyond Dorchester it is good to turn aside by Mellstock and the Frome Valley to the Quiet Woman Inn, then sharply to the left under the shoulder of Rainbarrow through the queer dead colouring of Egdon Heath, by a track as rough as any in Nova Scotia which yet lands abruptly in the smooth turmoil of the arterial road.

## BURYING A RIVER

### A Great Event at St Louis

Burying a treasure is an everyday affair compared with burying a river.

Because of its refractory behaviour the people of St Louis are burying the River Des Peres in what may be the largest sewer in the world.

Half a dozen railway trucks were needed to carry to St Louis an immense steel shovel with a dipper big enough to hold a Ford car. This is being used for the excavation of five million cubic yards of earth and solid rock, and a 13-miles-long tunnel is being constructed at a cost of eleven million dollars.

The river has its own side of the story. Fifty years ago it was a clear, tumbling stream with the country all to itself. As the city grew up and closed round it Litter Louts began to throw broken bottles, rubbish, and sewage into its midst until this dumping ground became a sheer necessity.

Soon the River Des Peres became choked up, and its revenge came when hurricanes visited the city, for the flood turned it into a roaring torrent and the citizens were thoroughly alarmed.

After a violent hurricane in 1915 a double-tubed tunnel was designed, so large in parts that 600 two-storey houses could be pushed in and fitted together without scraping. Inside this sewer the river may foam and rage at its will. But it will not be able to escape, and the people of St Louis will feel happier the next time a stray hurricane comes their way.

## ROBBING THE COUNTRY

### Come and Steal the Flowers

A motor-coach company is advertising Wild Flower Drives of which the patrons, after drinking-in the beauties of the countryside, may take the opportunity of spoiling them by stopping to pluck the wild flowers in handfuls.

Spades and trowels will doubtless soon accompany these jaunts so that the merrymakers can dig up bluebells or primroses or cowslips by the roots, stealing for their own enjoyment what belongs to all.

If this spoiling of the country goes on a Wild Flowers Protection Act will be needed for the whole country in order to preserve it for decent people. It is not to be expected that those who begin by taking wayside flowers by the basketful will stop there.

In the absence of other preventions of this robbery our district and county councils will, we hope, take steps to deal with all offenders, beginning with the motor-coach people.

## THE STRAWBERRY IN A BARREL

Experiments in growing strawberries in barrels have lately been carried out in America and appear to have proved an enormous success.

Not only is the yield three times as great, but the labour of strawing is eliminated as the fruit does not touch the ground.

Earth is put in large barrels in which 25 or more holes have been cut, and thus, in addition to the plants grown at the top of the barrel, the holes provide space for many more.

Should the weather be likely to spoil the crop the barrels may be moved to a sheltered quarter.

## 132,000 VOLTS ACROSS COUNTRY

When the current of the new electrical power scheme is turned on it will be distributed over the country at 132,000 volts, a fact which had already been stated in the C.N. We much regret that by an oversight the other day the voltage was stated as 30,000 volts, which is, of course, no higher than has been in use for many years.

## THE YORKSHIRE DONKEY

### A Kindly Word For Him

A Yorkshire reader who resents donkeys being called stupid gives us a curious reason why they are more numerous than usual in some North Country villages.

In the region she knows weaving was done on hand looms in the cottages sixty or seventy years ago. Each piece of cloth when finished was many yards long and weighed several stones, and its transport to the employers' premises was not easy. So the custom arose of sending away the "pieces" on horses, ponies, or donkeys. This brought donkeys into common use, for they cost little to buy or keep, and weavers who had no donkey could hire one for a few pence to carry his pieces. Each village had its collection of donkeys.

But this led to complications. The donkeys were liable to wander at large, feeding on the grass by the roadsides, and if found unattended the village pinder had the duty of driving them into the village pinfold, or pound, and he kept them there locked up until a fine had been paid. If they were unredeemed till they had to be fed the owner had to pay the cost of the food as well as the fine.

The remains of the stone-built village pinfolds are still to be seen—survivals from primitive laws and customs, a curious glimpse into a past that is still remembered by the older generation.

## A BOOKMAN'S TREASURES

### Leeds University's Good Fortune

Lord Brotherton, the Yorkshireman who in the intervals of building up great chemical manufactures has collected books, has now given his library to his native county.

Leeds University is to have it. Already Lord Brotherton had given it £20,000 for bacteriology and £100,000 for new buildings, one of which is a library building; now he puts his books on the university shelves.

Very famous books are among the gifts, a Shakespeare First Folio and a wealth of those beautiful illuminated manuscripts such as are now being exhibited at the Victoria and Albert Museum and were the work of the great illuminators in the monasteries of England, France, and the Low Countries in the Middle Ages.

There are early printed books, sumptuous bindings by all the great craftsmen of the past, and other treasures, the mere catalogue occupying 30 big volumes.

## A SHIP TO COST SIX MILLIONS

Competition for the much-coveted Blue Riband of the Atlantic is causing a great development in shipbuilding.

The good news has come that a giant Cunard liner is soon to be built at a cost of about six million pounds, and employment will thus be given to several thousand men.

Speed is the aim of the designers of this new ship, which is to be faster than the *Mauretania*. It is believed that the vessel will have a tonnage of 75,000 tons and a draught of 38 feet, being 1000 feet over all as compared with the 900 feet of the *Aquitania*.

Messrs John Brown are to build the new leviathan in the Clydeside yard, from which the *Lusitania* and the *Aquitania* came.

It is probable that the engines will be high-pressure turbines developing 200,000 shaft horse-power. The boilers will be of a new pattern, and this super-*Mauretania* should attain a speed of 30 knots.

## THE LANGUAGE OF THE DEAF

### Shall We All Learn It?

A kindly, thoughtful man is seeking to make happier the lot of the deaf. He suggests that we should all learn to speak their language and that it should be taught in schools.

He would have us all learn lip-reading too. It is lip-reading which relieves the deaf of the agony of dumbness. If we learn to pronounce our words carefully the trained deaf, by following the movements of our lips, can read our words as if they were lettered on a moving screen.

Lip-reading supplants the finger alphabet for most occasions, but there are those who can read the alphabet who are unable to read the lips, and both are so easy to learn that it might be well if most of us were masters of this twin aid to conversation with the deaf.

By conversing with them we bring them in from an outer world of soundless desolation and bless their lives with gifts which Nature has denied them.

We might go through life and hardly ever encounter the wholly deaf, but chance may at any time bring us in contact with them, and it is a rare happiness at such times to make the deaf understand and enable the dumb to be vocal.

Children pick up the deaf-and-dumb alphabet with ease.

## THE RUSH HOUR IN NEW YORK

### The Poor American and His Handkerchief

At the rush hours the jam on the New York Underground is far beyond anything the Londoner suffers on a wet evening at Blackfriars or at the Tube stations of Piccadilly or the Bank.

Sometimes at six o'clock we see people who are anxious to get on the Ealing or Hounslow Non-stop pushing one another in through the closing doors till the car seems likely to burst. Much is endured, too, on trains which run between Liverpool Street and Forest Gate.

But the Londoner's lot is easy and comfortable by the side of that of the New York breadwinner, because London is widely spread, while New York, as narrow by comparison as a knife-handle in its business quarters, can only spread upward to the skies.

From the New York skyscrapers, fifty storeys high or more, stream crowds like the populations of small towns, and all have to get away from stations in the narrow knife-handle. Reformers are demanding improvement.

They ask that the railway guards shall not thrust passengers in by main force. They want every standing passenger to have something to hold on by, even if only a strap; and have also the chance of putting his hand into his pocket should he want his handkerchief.

It is not much to ask. That touch about the passenger with a cold in his head unable to get at his handkerchief brings home the pathos of the New Yorker's plight.

## NEW ARRIVALS AT SOUTH KENSINGTON

Some very interesting things have lately arrived at South Kensington Natural History Museum.

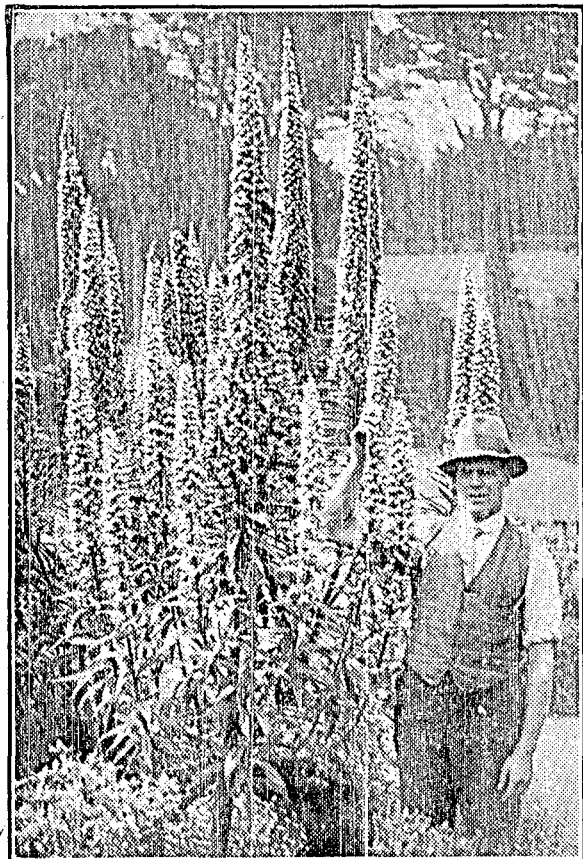
Four specimens of the extinct reptile which revealed the origin of the *Ichthyosaurus*;

A collection of corals from Tahiti; 9258 microscopic slides of great interest to gardeners; and

Some gold fish-hooks probably lost by the Incas of Peru.



# LAUNCHING A BIG LINER • THE TORTOISE RACE • LIFE IN CAMP



**Giant Blooms**—This beautiful plant, a native of Teneriffe, is growing in the open air near Helford in Cornwall, where the mild and genial climate allows various sub-tropical flowers to be grown naturally.



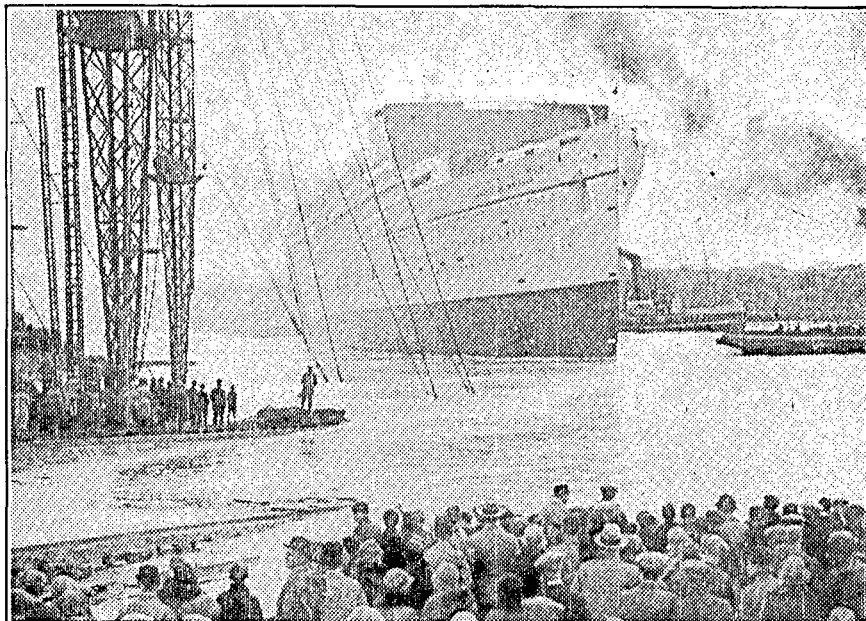
**A Famous Australian**—This characteristic portrait of the late Professor Brailsford Robertson has just reached us from Australia. It shows the famous scientist of Adelaide University in a rare holiday mood.



**Coming Ashore**—Members of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police have been giving London exhibitions of their skill as horsemen. Here a trooper is seen coming ashore with his horse at the docks.



**Great Day for Litter Louts**—This picture of the Thames at Hampton Court, with a glimpse of the Palace in the background, shows the condition in which the visitors left the riverside after Bank Holiday.



**Biggest Liner Built in Britain**—The *Empress of Britain*, launched at Glasgow recently by the Prince of Wales, is the biggest liner built in a British shipyard since 1913. Here we see her taking the water.



**The Tortoise Race**—No race could be much slower than this one at the Berlin Zoo. The girls are riding on giant tortoises which are perhaps three hundred years old.



**Life in Camp**—The happy smiles of these British Camp-Fire Girls suggest that they know how to spend an ideal holiday. The picture was taken in a camp held near Enfield.



## A GREAT LEAD LOST TO ENGLAND

### THE IRON SCEPTRE

Will It Come Back to Us With Better Times?

### CHANCE OF THE FUTURE

The modern world is made with iron for a tool, but few of us stop to think about it because, as private individuals, we never buy iron or steel as such.

Indeed we buy very little iron and steel at all, save in the shape of a motor-car, or a bicycle, or a knife, or a perambulator. Such uses account for comparatively small quantities of this wonderful metal, nearly the whole of which is used in industrial operations which as private citizens we do not see.

In 1929 the world produced more iron and steel than ever, the output being nearly 96 million tons of pig-iron and 118 million tons of steel. In 1913, the best pre-war year, the iron figure was 78 million tons and the steel figure 81 millions.

### A Matter for Grave Thought

Not long ago in the world's history we produced more iron than any other country. In 1885 we had an easy lead, producing seven million tons of pig-iron against the four millions of America. A few years later America took the lead and never lost it.

Now Britain has fallen to the fourth place. Last year the United States produced 42 million tons of pig-iron, Germany 13 millions, France 10 millions, and Britain only about seven.

It really is a matter for grave thought that in 1929 we produced only about as much pig-iron as in 1885. We could have no clearer indication of the change which has come over the relative positions of the industrial nations.

The iron and steel industry still employs a great army of British people, although the number has fallen considerably. In January the number of iron and steel workers in furnaces, rolling mills, and tinplate works was 232,000, and of those nearly one in four was out of work. Yet as recently as 1925 there were 318,000 iron and steel workers insured.

### Preparing for Better Times

The fact that the smelting of iron with coal was first done in Britain in the middle of the eighteenth century, and that our advance to wealth was closely associated with the advance in iron, makes it a melancholy thing that iron should now be one of our depressed industries. What of the future?

The depression from which the world is suffering will pass, and there is no doubt whatever that the world will soon need much more iron than ever. The uses of the metal are so varied and important that the world output will advance again and again, so that Britain will have her chance. In the meantime it is good to know that our works are being modernised in every respect to prepare for the better times we all hope to be coming.

### A STEEL BALL GOES BY TRAIN

Not long ago the C.N. told how an English company sends all kinds of rare gases by post.

Many of these rare gases are being used so much in technical businesses today that they are becoming rare no longer. The helium gas being found in Texas is now to be sent to distant airship stations, where it is being used in place of hydrogen. It is sent in huge steel balls, six feet in diameter, mounted on a special railway wagon. A sphere will stand greater pressure than a cylinder such as is used for compressed oxygen or coal gas, and will carry twice as big a volume for the same size.

## A LIFE OF THE WEEK

### A Master German

On June 29, 1831, died Baron Karl Stein.

The capable German race has only had three great statesmen in the last 150 years, if we count Herr Stresemann, who died last year, as one of them.

Only one of the two others had his own way. He, Bismarck, led the Germans wrong by leading them into a trust in war. The third was a real statesman, but he was overwhelmed by circumstances. His name was Baron Karl Stein. If he could have had his way the history of Germany during the last hundred years might have been greatly changed for the better.



Baron Stein

Stein was born on October 26, 1757. He was a Knight of the Holy Roman Empire, which in his day had become unimportant and was about to perish. He foresaw its downfall, renounced his allegiance to it, and took service under Frederick the Great.

Stein was a man with great force of character, abundant energy, and strong trust in himself. He gave the first place in his plans to practical work for extending the business of his adopted country. So he studied mining and manufactures, the improvement of roads, and presently became the Minister of Trade in Prussia. But he saw that the whole system of government must be altered if prosperity was to be attained. All changes, however, were hampered by the two weak kings who followed Frederick the Great.

### Nominee of Napoleon

When the second of these kings, Frederick William the Third, was reigning in Prussia Napoleon was rapidly becoming the conqueror of Europe, and, contrary to Stein's advice, this king tried to curry favour weakly with the common enemy. Napoleon played with him as a cat plays with a mouse, and then suddenly pounced and crushed Prussia in the great victory of Jena.

With Prussia trodden underfoot the king turned to Stein and asked him to be Minister of Foreign Affairs. But as Stein wished to improve the system of government the king dismissed him.

The country was in a hopeless state, ruined and bankrupt, and Frederick William appealed to Napoleon for advice. Napoleon advised him to use Stein. So Stein was given a free hand.

Then followed one of the swiftest revivals ever seen in a country. The Prussian peasantry were serfs like the Russians. Stein abolished serfdom, established free trade, reformed the land laws, broke down many foolish class distinctions, brought in a form of local government, and reorganised the army. Prussia was reborn.

### Plea for Free Government

Napoleon at once scented danger to his own rule. He denounced Stein, who had to withdraw first to Austria and then to Russia.

When Napoleon was beaten back from his last great attack on Russia in 1812 it was Stein who helped to keep the Prussian Army neutral though their king was Napoleon's ally. It was Stein who urged the Russians to keep the French on the run till the last great victory at Leipzig. It was Stein who administered the reconquered Prussian territory as the French withdrew.

And when, after Napoleon's dethronement, the rulers of Europe met at Vienna to rearrange the Continent it was Stein who went there to plead for a sound basis of free government in countries like Prussia. But Stein's ideas of a united Germany with peaceful progress under self-government were rejected; and Germany has had to wait till now to find anyone like him.

## A WALK WITH A FOOT CANDLE METER

By One Who Has Tried It

One day last week I went for a walk with a Foot-Candle Meter.

This is a simple little instrument easily carried in an overcoat pocket, and with its aid I discovered some interesting things about light and how it should not be used.

First, at the barber's where the light is on all day. By holding the Foot Candle Meter near the head of a customer I found that the lighting intensity was eight foot-candles. A little farther back it was five foot-candles, and where the customer was waiting it was only one foot-candle. I mentioned this to the barber, and he replied that for some time he had thought his lighting was wrong, but had done nothing about it.

### Why Keep Goods in the Dark?

In an instrument dealer's shop the intensity where the goods were displayed was 0.5 foot-candles. The manager said he could not afford to have his lighting improved, and I tried to convince him that his till would never be filled so long as he kept his goods in the dark. He also asked my advice on how he could obtain better illumination.

At a tobacconist's I found that the light was unevenly distributed over the shop, and left him completely won over to the better lighting brigade.

Now here, I thought, was an excellent method for electricians to demonstrate that their services are needed. There has never been a quicker and more convincing method of measuring light.

### In a Dangerous Thoroughfare

Between nine and ten that night I made another tour. In a dangerous thoroughfare the lighting did not exceed 1 foot-candles on a traffic refuge right in the middle of the road; even under a lamp-post it was only 2 foot-candles.

Electricians should take this matter up. A report could be drafted and submitted to the local authorities pointing out that shop windows can no longer be relied upon for free lighting, as modern methods of window lighting keep all the light in the window. Offices, warehouses, garages, can all be easily tested, and fresh customers can be found by means of this simple little instrument.

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Switzerland has nearly 13 million fruit trees.

There are now over three million wireless licences in Great Britain.

Ice-cream carts have been forbidden to stand in the market-place at Retford on Sundays.

More than £100,000 was raised in 12 years by penny-a-week subscribers to Kent Ophthalmic Hospital.

Air liners now run from London to Paris on excursions giving six hours in the French capital for a fare of £8.

### The Kinema Room

A new school in Manchester is to have a room for showing kinema films.

### Street Names

Local authorities are being invited by the Roads Improvement Association to make street names more conspicuous.

### Coal and Steel

For every ton of steel made in our foundries four tons of coal have to be hewn in our mines.

### Revenue from Advertisements

Post Office advertisements last year realised £36,925; those in books of stamps £14,480.

### New Alpine Motor-Road

A committee has been formed to plan the construction of the first special motor-road in Switzerland, to run from Berne to Thun.

### The Bus Ticket

A Stoke-on-Trent reader suggests that, as a solution of the bus litter problem, bus tickets should be put in a clip in front of each seat.

## CECIL SHARP HOUSE

Home of Gay Tunes and Merry Dances

### A NEW HALL OF USE AND BEAUTY

At last the great hall of the new Cecil Sharp House has resounded with gay folk tunes and merry dances.

Nobody who was present at the opening of the new headquarters of the English Folk Dance Society in Regent's Park will ever forget this red-letter day.

At first sight the severe Georgian exterior of the hall suggested a Friends' Meeting House, and truly a friendly meeting house it proved to be, with merriment, not silence, to greet all those who crossed the threshold.

### The Gem of the Building

£32,000 was needed for building this permanent home of dance and song. What seemed an impossibility has been made possible by six years of never-ceasing enthusiasm and hard work and much of the money was raised by small subscriptions. National Theatre shilly-shalliers please copy!

Simplicity is the chief characteristic of Cecil Sharp House. The well-proportioned dancing hall, with panelled-wainscoting and a minstrel gallery, is made cheerful by many long Georgian windows. Perhaps the gem of the building is the library, the bookcases of which are already half filled with rare book-treasures.

Nobody went to sleep during the speech-making while Lady Amptill formally received the building on behalf of the E.F.D.S., for all the speeches were inspired. Many agreed with Mr Granville-Barker's words: "In so far as a building can be like a man, how amazingly like Cecil Sharp this building is in clarity of thought and gaiety of spirit."

### How a Great Art Grows

"Cecil Sharp was not a museum man," said Mr Vaughan Williams. "He believed in the Man in the Street and that it is out of the art of the Man in the Street that a great art grows. And masterpieces are the outcome of thinking in common."

The E.F.D.S. believes that great future developments in art, rooted in what has gone before, may spring from this present revival of living folklore.

It is significant that our national treasure of folklore is valued by the powers that be, for the E.F.D.S. is the only entertaining body that does not have to pay entertainment tax.

## AMERICA'S ROAD BATTLE

33,000 Killed and 1,200,000 Wounded

America has set up a National Conference on street accidents, and this body has compiled some amazing figures for last year.

In 1929 the traffic accidents killed 33,000 and injured 1,200,000.

Of these, motor-cars killed 31,000, being ten per cent more than in 1928. Those injured by motor-cars numbered a million. It is added that the money loss entailed was about £160,000,000.

The American population is larger than ours, but in proportion to population the road accidents are much greater than here. That is because America has far more cars in use than we have.

Yet America has some traffic reforms we have not adopted. A car there is compelled to stop behind a tram at points at which it sets down passengers, whereas we have no such safety regulation. America has widely adopted the system of marking points at which alone one may cross the street, and policemen arrest people who cross at other places.



June 28, 1930

The Children's Newspaper

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## VENUS IN THE WEST APPROACHING A BRIGHT STAR

How the Rings of Saturn  
Increase His Brilliance

## EARTH AT HER FARTHEST FROM THE SUN

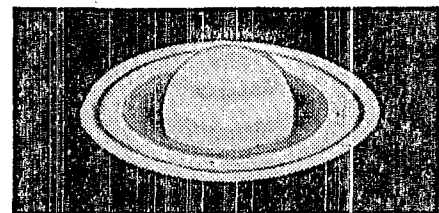
By the C.N. Astronomer

On Saturday evening, June 28, the radiant planet Venus may be seen below the crescent Moon, making a lovely celestial picture in the lingering twilight of the western sky.

Venus will be about seven times the Moon's width below her, and gradually getting closer as they approach setting. By the next evening the Moon will appear a long way to the left and at a much higher altitude.

Venus is now approaching the bright star Regulus, which is above and to the left of the planet but at present is some distance away. The Moon will appear near Regulus on the evening of Sunday, June 29, and so this, the brightest star in that region, may be easily identified.

It will be interesting to note each succeeding clear evening, the lessening distance between Venus and Regulus during the next couple of weeks until, by July 13, Venus will be quite close to



Saturn as he appears at the present time

Regulus, so that these two luminaries will look like our Earth and the Moon as seen together from Venus.

Though the Earth sometimes appears much brighter to Venus than Venus ever does to us it is not always so. At present our world appears half as bright again to Venus as Venus appears to us, for though the Earth is very little larger than Venus only about two-thirds of the illuminated side of Venus is at present visible.

The eastern sky has also, late in the evening, a growing interest in the presence of the planet Saturn. This fascinating world will be at its nearest to us on Tuesday, July 1, being then 838,500,000 miles from the Earth. Saturn will therefore then be also at his brightest, having during the last two years attained a maximum owing to the fact that his magnificent Ring System has been opened out to its widest extent.

### The Earth and the Sun

As the Rings are actually brighter than the cloud-covered surface of Saturn's globe it is easy to understand to what a great extent they add to his apparent brilliance as seen with the naked eye. As seen from the Earth, these Rings are now beginning to close up, being not quite so wide open as they were last year when at their widest. So each year we shall see them more edgewise until, in six years' time, they will appear as a straight line of light, resembling a luminous darning needle across the middle of a radiant orange.

Then, for a few weeks, even this will disappear when the Rings are seen quite edgewise, for such is their thinness, from 50 to 100 miles, that only in the most powerful telescopes can any faint trace of them be seen. At such a time Saturn appears at his faintest.

On Thursday, July 3, the Earth will be at her farthest from the Sun and 94,447,000 miles away. This is over 3,000,000 miles farther off than she was in January last. The Earth is, in fact, about 390 times her own diameter farther away, so we have been receding from the Sun at an average rate of nearly 18,000 miles a day; much faster than the fastest conveyance could have carried us.

G. F. M.

## C. L. N.

Lancashire Head of the  
Counties

## AN AFRICAN BOY'S LEAD

Number of Members—17,240

C.L.N. members in many parts of the world are already winning support for the League of Nations. In a school in Basle in Switzerland 41 boys have been enrolled as members. Not satisfied with this achievement they have decided to hold a Propaganda Day for the C.L.N. They are also adopting a child through the Save the Children Fund.

From Canada comes the interesting information that a magazine in Montreal is devoting a paragraph in its children's page each week to news about the Children's League of Nations.

### The Rival Roses

The membership in this country is still growing, though not so rapidly as we could wish. One would expect Rutland to have the smallest membership, for instance, but there is no reason why it should be as small as it is—only one member. Now, Rutland! Surely a few other boys and girls here can be found to join. In Hereford there are only two members. Dorset and Northampton have very few members in proportion to other counties. Outside London Lancashire still holds the palm as the county with the largest membership. About 1600 members hail from that county, Yorkshire coming a good second with about 1500. We have fifty members in the Channel Islands.

We hope all C.L.N. members will emulate the African boy from Ebu Owerri who wrote us the other day: "I am striving hard to make the League capacious." If the English is a little doubtful the spirit is just what we all need if we are to make the C.L.N. what it can and ought to be.

### How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed:  
Children's League of Nations,  
15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1.  
*No letters should be sent to the C.N. office.*

With each application for membership should be sent sixpence for the Card and Badge (stamps at home, international coupons abroad). Please give your name and address, birthday and year, and the name of your school.

## C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address.

### What is the Origin of the Word Beefeater?

Dr Ernest Weekley, our greatest living authority on word origins, says it is from the old expression beef-eater, meaning originally a well-fed menial.

**Who Invented the Aneroid Barometer?**  
It is often attributed to Nicolas Jacques Conte, a French chemist born in 1755, but actually it was invented in 1848 by Lucien Vidi, a French mechanician, born 1805, died 1886.

### What is Cowper-Templeism?

The principle embodied in Section 14 of the Education Act of 1870 on the motion of Mr Cowper-Temple, M.P., that no religious catechism or religious formula distinctive of any particular denomination should be taught in any Board School.

### Where Do Fresh-Water Fishes Go in the Winter?

Mr J. T. Cunningham, the authority on fishes, says many fresh-water fishes become more or less torpid in the winter, cease to feed, and hide in sheltered places. This is particularly the case with the carp family. Eels remain buried in the mud or in holes.

**How Did the Name Quaker Originate for the Members of the Society of Friends?**

According to George Fox the name was first given to him and his followers by Justice Bennet at Derby in 1650 "because I bid them tremble at the Word of the Lord." The name, however, had previously been given to a foreign sect the members of which shivered and shook after coming out of a kind of fit of ecstasy.

## PARK OR AIR PORT?

When the Planes Come  
Down in London

When the new Air Port comes to London there will be a sound of coming and going by night and day of the aeroplanes that will keep many awake at night till they get used to it.

The London air port is now at Croydon, and people in a hurry, who travel at an aeroplane's speed through the skies, have to reconcile themselves to the modest 20 miles an hour of a motor-car for the beginning or end of their journey. If there were an aerodrome landing-ground in Central London they would save at least half an hour.

For this reason the authorities are casting appraising eyes on London's public parks as suitable spots for setting up an aerodrome which will be London's air port.

A space 1000 yards each way is the least area that will be required. Which of London's parks is to be called upon to sacrifice itself?

### Park or Slum as Sacrifice?

We do not think that any will be a willing sacrifice. Hyde Park, Battersea Park, and Regent's Park have been suggested as suitable offerings.

A space 1000 yards square would rob Battersea Park of its cricket pitches, its tennis courts, and bowling greens, and would hardly leave to it its lake. The trees, which are one of Battersea Park's priceless possessions in their variety and beauty, would have to be cut down. We are certain democratic Battersea would never agree.

Hyde Park could best spare a huge chunk of its grass land but, judging by the outcry against Mr Lansbury's trilling additions to the park's attractions, this does not seem a promising site either.

London's parks are very precious, and among the seven million Londoners there are not yet many Amy Johnsons.

Perhaps London had better keep its Air Port somewhere nearer its Water Port for the present; or it might decide to pull down a Slum 1000 yards square instead of compromising that area of verdant beauty in any one of its parks.

## WHEN AIR PORTS COME Will Seaports Go?

"R.R. 1001 arrived at Bristol from New York last night at 7.30 p.m. She reports head winds in the Atlantic between Long. 45 degrees and 28 degrees W., but otherwise a good passage."

This is the kind of notice we may expect to find in the Air Shipping news under Movements of Liners at no distant time in the present century.

In preparation for it Bristol has inaugurated a new aerodrome, 300 acres in extent, which in the immediate future is expected to become the Croydon of the West. It is hoped to establish at this Whitechurch base, just over three miles distant from busy Bristol, a regular air service between Ireland and England.

After that it may hope to become a West of England Air Port, with planes coming and going which will link it to the Continent, as the South-East of England is linked by its air mails.

These are prospects which may be realised in a very few years, but the larger hope is that Bristol, the first West of England city to equip itself with a municipal aerodrome, may become the first British terminus of a great Transatlantic air service. It may begin with aeroplanes; it will proceed to accommodate airships.

When that day comes the seaports of the British Isles—Bristol, Plymouth, Southampton, the Port of London—will be air ports as well.

The old windjammer is being driven off the seas by the steamship. It would be strange if the steamship had to give place to windjammers of the air.

Alcohol is Bad for You



## A Delightful Hot-weather Drink

HAVE you tried the best of all summer drinks—cold "Ovaltine"? Do you know how delightful in flavour it is—how wonderfully refreshing and invigorating? If not, try it to-day. Enjoy its cool deliciousness. See how it gives you new life and energy—how it makes complete in nutritive value the ordinary light summer diet—how appetising it is—how easily digested.

We forget that most hot-weather foods contain little nourishment, while the need for nourishment that rebuilds and restores remains much the same all the year round. That is why we become easily fatigued and exhausted.

When you drink and enjoy cold "Ovaltine" you are not merely drinking a particularly delicious beverage but you are supplying to your system the most perfect and complete form of concentrated nourishment in the world. Every food element the body needs for health is present in a correctly balanced form.

Cold "Ovaltine" is easy to prepare by adding "Ovaltine" to cold milk or milk and water. Whisk for a minute with an egg whisk or shake in a cocktail shaker. Then you have a creamy, foaming drink—inexpensive in cost and brimful of energy-giving nourishment to enable you to avoid fatigue.

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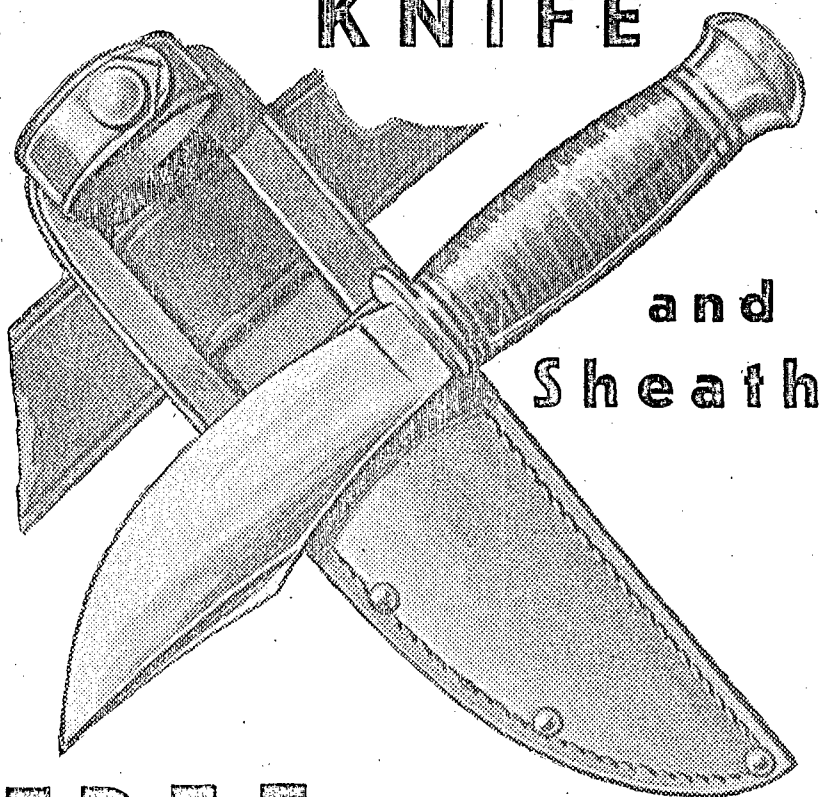
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Every Thursday 3d.

## OUR WATER SUPPLY RESOURCES BEING STRAINED

### The Hard Lot of the People in Some of Our Villages

### EMPIRE PROBLEMS AT HOME

In the series of wettest summer weeks known to the present generation the country has been confronted by two conflicting pictures which to foreigners may seem illogical and passing strange.

On the one hand there is a movement for a great scheme of land drainage the success of which would bring into cultivation large tracts now derelict. As against this there is the fear that such a scheme would impose upon the Thames a burden too great to be borne, increase flooding in the river valley, and produce a water shortage.

A quarter of a century ago London's reservoir storage capacity was 4000 million gallons. Today it is five times as much and one of the best and purest supplies in the world; yet the consumption increases more rapidly than the supply.

That, however, is not the main thing which is worrying the Water Board.

### Tapping the Underground Supply

We read much of the changing face of England, but think little of what has happened beneath the face of England. London is growing out in all directions in a way that could never have been foreseen. Houses are rising rapidly beyond the reach of direct water supply. They have to depend on wells. The earth beneath the surface is like a great sponge which takes up rain and snow. It is this sponge that the wells penetrate.

So rapid has been the growth of new houses that the underground supply of water is being tapped beyond its capacity, and is proving inadequate.

There are places in Essex, such as Ilford, where the water supply has to be brought 40 miles. In many rural districts the problem of the water supply is so pressing that a conference of Women's Institutes at Blackpool has decided to urge the county councils to form advisory regional committees to deal with it.

### Water at 3d a Bucket

In some Berkshire villages people have to pump about five minutes before they can get water, and similar conditions exist in the Chilterns and Cotswolds. Often a stream flows near the village street, but this is used by ducks and is made unfit for drinking.

In one Lincolnshire village a doctor had to travel six miles to get water to wash a newly-born baby and its mother. In another, we are told, a man and his son have to fetch water in a cart, and the washing-day has to be regulated by the times the cart can be taken.

In Cornwall some farmers have no water for the purpose of cooling the milk; and we hear of cases in some parts of Yorkshire in which the water used by one woman for washing is passed on to another for the same purpose. A speaker at Blackpool the other day said she had had to pay threepence a bucket for water.

### Our Relatives Overseas

According to some authorities, if money could be found for surface piping the existing hardships would be to a considerable extent avoided.

Here we have problems of civilisation which an old-settled country does not expect to have to grapple with. Such difficulties are common in other parts of the Empire, notably in Australia, where in parts the cry is still: Thou hast given us a south land where no water is.

Suddenly brought face to face with difficulties of the same kind we are able to realise the position of our relatives overseas. Such experiences at home will not be wasted when the new generation of water engineers emigrates to parts of the Empire where the problem is more acute.

## OXFORD SPEAKS TO THE WORLD ON CRICKET

### All Its Boys Can Learn - the Game

### PROGRESS OF A VERY HONOURABLE MOVEMENT

A year ago the C.N. summarised the eighth Report of the Cricket Scheme for Oxford Elementary Schools drawn up by Mr J. R. F. Turner of 199, Ilfley Road, Oxford, and we now welcome the ninth Report, on what was done in 1929.

It will be remembered that Oxford gave a lead to juvenile cricket everywhere by making arrangements for the boys of the city to have practice and play matches on some of the college cricket grounds. Not only has this fine movement continued finely in Oxford, but its influence, through the circulation in many countries of Mr Turner's Reports, has been felt over an amazingly wide area.

### Best of All Team Games

No trouble is too great for this energetic secretary if it will stimulate an interest in this best of all team games, and help in the provision of cricket pitches in town and country. Most happily the movement has secured cooperation on a scale that can be called national. The Government of Great Britain and its Board of Education have shown a practical interest in it and given it financial support.

Mr Turner now sends the Oxford Report to several thousands of public men, to kings and presidents, to prime ministers and ministers of education, and to known believers in the use of sports as an adjunct to education of the young in many lands. The present Report shows that the response has been most encouraging, and the reading of it is a cheering proof of the good that may be done by an enthusiastic perseverance in a sound and helpful purpose.

### Recruits for the Counties

In Oxford more than 1000 boys from nineteen schools have been able to use college grounds on 400 occasions. Four of the boys who had their early training on these college grounds have either become or are qualifying as county cricketers. They are Herman and Arnold for Hampshire, Bakewell for Northamptonshire, and Rogers for Gloucestershire; and they were "factors in placing Oxfordshire at the head of the Minor Counties Championship."

This local development of cricket, with the widespread propaganda so effectively carried on, has been very inexpensively done, owing no doubt to the hearty spirit of helpfulness that has pervaded it.

When the opportunity for playing cricket has reached every parish in the land, as it will ere long, an honourable share in the credit will remain with the City of Oxford.

### JUST 100 YEARS AGO

#### The Pillory

It is a hundred years since anyone stood in the pillory in England.

Yet every time anyone is held up to ridicule Englishmen continue to say that he has been pilloried. The word lives after the thing is dead.

For about 600 years people were liable to be taken to some public spot and have head and hands fastened between two pieces of wood, so that every passer-by could see their shame and hurl abuse at them. Daniel Defoe was pilloried in 1703, but the sympathetic crowd decked the novelist with flowers, and made his penance a triumph.

Peter Bossy was pilloried outside the Old Bailey on June 24, 1830, and since then no one has been pilloried in England except in print.



## THE WILD DUCK IN THE DELL

### WHAT HAPPENED

#### Tale of a Nest and Its Eggs in a London Park

#### FATHER DRAKE

By Our Natural Historian

The C.N. story of the wild duck in the rhododendron dell of a London park flying up in the gardener's face and revealing its nest broke off at the most interesting point. *What became of the bird and her hopes?*

The sequel can now be told. As the days wore on the man and the bird became quite good friends. They came to nodding terms, as it were. He respected her privacy to the extent of keeping clear of the nest, and she rewarded his politeness by gazing upon him with cheerful confidence as he moved about within sight and hearing. And the drake was there all the time, in hiding in the bushes but not sharing the labour of brooding the eggs.

#### A Strange Experience

Several days passed with nothing to reveal the progress of affairs in the nest, and then, at seven o'clock one morning, when all was quiet in the park, the gardener had a strange experience. The mother duck was stalking out of the dell followed by twelve fluffy ducklings. She passed him with grave courtesy, quietly chattering to her little ones as if to give them courage in the presence of this fearful towering monster with a hoe over his shoulder.

Out of the dell and on the carriage way the little procession marched, straight for the lake a quarter of a mile across the park. The mother could have flown in a few seconds, but she walked at the head of her troop like the drum-major before a regimental band. The lake reached, they all plunged in, and the babies became instantly a crew of navigators.

But what of the drake and his neglect of nesting? That of course is not customary. One of the mysterious laws of Nature had the father bird in its grip. Moulting had come upon him suddenly at the height of the nesting season and taken from him all desire or power to brood the eggs and to halve his mate's labours.

#### Like Achilles of Old

At such a time the drake is greatly reduced in vitality. He can do no nursery work, he cannot forage, he cannot fight, he can barely keep himself alive. He is compelled to hide, and, like Achilles in the Homeric story, he puts on female disguise.

He puts on a body plumage like his mate's. All his gaudy feathers fall out, and he looks like a hen of his species. When he is soberly clad, and capable of hiding himself from an enemy eye, all his tail and wing feathers drop out together, and he is as tied to earth as an ostrich.

Not for another two or three months will the handsome plumage return. His mate may reproach him with not helping her in the nursing. "Ah, my dear," he may reply, "it may seem hard on you, but you have to moult only once a year, while I moult twice, and my first attack of spasms seized me just when I was most anxious to share with you the joyous labour of bringing up our family."

For his peace of mind let us hope she believes him. E. A. B.

#### LAST YEAR'S STRIKES

Of the 435 strikes last year, in which over half a million workpeople were involved, 89 were settled in favour of workpeople, 164 in favour of employers, and 178 by compromise.

## THE LAST GREAT ARCHBISHOP

### A Neighbour's View of Him

One of our grown-up readers, who lived at Windsor when the last great Archbishop of Canterbury was Dean of Windsor, sends us instances of his wisdom and kindness that she heard and knew.

Long ago she heard him speak to boys in St George's Chapel there and tell them how, when he was a boy, he added to the words he knew. Whenever he heard a fresh word he wrote it down and looked up its meaning in the dictionary. In that way he was always enlarging his vocabulary.

At the same time, long before the Scouts were formed, he pointed out to the boys the fine courtesy of helpful deeds, and told how sadly he had seen a boy pass an old woman who was toiling with a basket of washing up the hundred steps that lead from the town to the Castle and offer her no help.

The Dean's own kindness in such a case was described to our correspondent by a working woman who was overtaken by heavy rain. A gentleman she did not know offered her a share of his umbrella, and when they reached a point where their roads parted he handed her the umbrella and said, "Please return it to the Deanery tomorrow." Then he went off in the rain.

#### A MONTHLY MEETING

When the Carnegie Hero Fund assembled for its monthly meeting the other day there was a long list of golden deeds to consider.

Most of the heroes had been severely injured in saving others, and two, a man and a woman, had given their lives.

One of the bravest, and one of the most seriously injured, was William Ashworth, a yarn salesman of Audenshaw, near Manchester. He removed a blazing film from a cinematograph hall where 500 people were in peril, and for this gallant deed he has been awarded a gold watch and £50.

Those monthly meetings of the Hero Fund Trustees must be occasions that send them home with singing hearts and wonderful tales to tell of human splendour. How different must be the return of those who meet once a month at a great orphanage to decide what applications shall be accepted! They hear only tales of misery and degradation, of good fathers dead, of bad fathers in prison, of parents who drink, and of step-parents who are unkind.

But they take one consolation back with them. All over the country there are people denying themselves pleasures and comforts in order to send a big cheque or a little postal order to help children they have never seen.

There is more kindness than cruelty in the world, after all.

#### AN IRISH ELEVEN

The first ratification of a Convention of the International Labour Office by the Government of China came to hand a short while ago and was duly registered in the Big Book of the League.

About the same time news came from the Irish Free State that resolutions had been passed in both Houses of Parliament that eleven of these Conventions should be ratified as soon as possible.

Luxembourg still leads the way in the number of ratifications of Labour Conventions, though Bulgaria, with 23, is only two behind.

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CHRISTINE CHAUNDLER

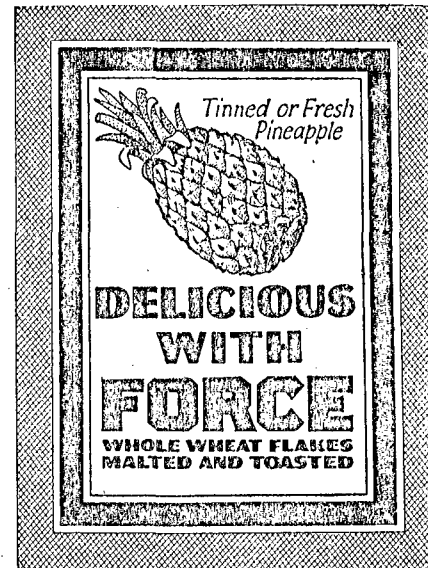
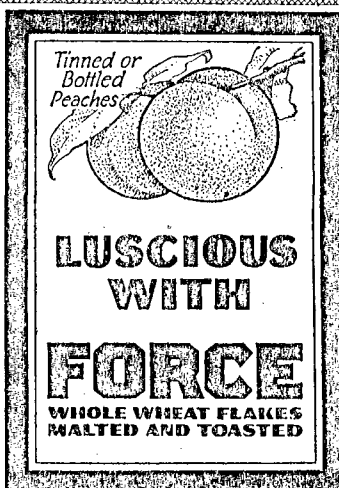
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# CANNIBAL ISLAND

Serial Story by  
T. C. Bridges

## CHAPTER 27 Deliverance

Now that the land was close Jim began to realise the frightful speed at which the schooner was travelling.

The tall cliffs of the island seemed to grow higher every moment. Their tops were hidden in driving mist, but beneath the broken clouds huge spouts of white foam leaped to enormous heights against the walls of rock.

The Stiletto had disappeared, but what had happened to her, whether she had foundered or merely been driven out of sight, Jim could not tell. Nor did he give her a second thought. He was too much occupied with the chances of the Dolphin. He glanced at Don. Don's face was set and hard, and he was staring dead ahead. Suddenly he wrenched the wheel over.

"Reefs!" he cried, and sure enough it was only his quick sight and action that had saved the ship from crashing upon a spouting reef.

Jim saw that the schooner was tearing down a dark lane of deep water at terrific speed, with huge breakers leaping on either side. The lane twisted and turned, but Don and Parami seemed to have instinctive knowledge of each bend, and the schooner swerved this side and that like a hunted hare. Jim himself could do nothing; only watch. Each moment he expected to feel the crash which would herald the end.

Again the lane angled and Don and Parami threw themselves on the wheel. The Dolphin trembled yet obediently turned. Even as she did so there was a sharp grating sound, and the whole fabric of the stout little ship trembled. Then the wheel spun idly.

"Rudder gone," Don said, and in his voice was the calmness of despair.

A huge wave came rushing up aft. It caught the schooner, lifted her like a chip on its roaring summit, and hurled her forward at dizzy speed. Another bump, but no check. Then they were hurled bodily over a tangle of grinding coral fangs and pitched again into deep water. Jim, looking back, saw that the wave had carried them clean across a great bar of rock into comparatively calm water. Don, too, understood.

"The engine. Tell Chi!" he cried hoarsely, and Jim fled to obey.

Don and Parami, leaving the useless wheel, ran aft to see if any makeshift steering could be arranged. Another wave as big as the first came thundering over the reef, and though its force was broken enough was left to pick up the Dolphin and send her flying forward. She scraped again, then was flung over this second obstacle, and fetched up with a dull jar on what seemed to be soft bottom.

For a few moments Jim could only stand clinging weakly to the wheel, trying to understand the miracle which had saved them. The wind still howled venomously, yet there was no sea to speak of, and ahead through the mist he could see a wide white beach.

Don came slowly back. His clothes were mere rags and there were great blue blotches on his bare chest and arms, but otherwise he was apparently unhurt. Jim stepped forward to meet him. "Luck was with us after all, Don," he said.

Don looked round at his battered ship. "There's not much left to be cheerful about," Don answered heavily. "The Dolphin's a wreck, and hard and fast on the worst island in the Solomons, while the Stiletto, with our pearls, is probably at the bottom of the sea."

"But we're alive," urged Jim, "and there are plenty more pearls in the lagoon at Aroa."

"Which we can never get," said Don bitterly.

Jim's face twitched. "Do stop croaking, Don. I simply can't stand it."

Don saw that the boy was on the point of breaking down.

"Sorry, old chap," he said quickly. "You were right and I was wrong. After all, we've come through alive when the odds were a thousand to one against it. As luck has been with us so far perhaps it will stick to us."

"Of course it will," declared a cheery voice, and there was Mark. "Look, the Sun's coming out," and he pointed up to where, through a rift in the clouds, a patch of dark blue showed. Though the wind still whistled and the mists on the inland mountains whirled before the blast, the storm was passing swiftly as it had come. "I came to tell you that Chi has a kettle on, and we both think breakfast is the next best thing."

Don held up his hand. "There's a job to do before we do anything else. We've got to barb-wire the ship."

Jim's eyes widened. "What for?" "Natives. These are head-hunters, Jim, cannibals every last one, and the moment they see a wreck like this they'll be on us like gulls on a dead fish. Our very first task is to wire the decks all round and post a guard. And even then—" He ended with a shrug which said more than words.

"Barbed wire!" groaned Jim. "Of all filthy stuff! But never mind. Let's get to it."

Weary as they were, they found it a heavy strain getting up the rolls of wire and stringing them four deep all round the decks. What impressed Jim more than anything was the fact that Redburn turned to and worked as hard as any. It gave him a real sense of the peril which surrounded them.

Presently Mark stopped and stood, hammer in hand, staring at the shore. The Dolphin had been driven into a sort of bay, hemmed in on all sides by the wall of coral rock over which the storm wave had carried her, and she lay on a bed of soft sand. All of a sudden he dropped his hammer and strode across to Don.

"Stop that, Don!" he said.

Don stared. "We're wasting time, energy, and wire. Look round and you'll see."

Don looked and so did Jim, and suddenly Don laughed.

"What's up?" demanded Jim.

Don pointed to the bay.

"Don't you see that the beach is backed by cliffs that even a native couldn't climb."

Jim whistled softly. "In that case let's go to breakfast," he said, and the resolution was carried without demur.

## CHAPTER 28

### The Gap in the Reef

IN spite of the terrible destruction of crockery during the storm Chi managed to produce a real good feed, and one which they all enjoyed. Afterwards Don and Chi sounded the well, and found to their surprise and delight that the Dolphin was not leaking anything to signify. Her hull was still sound.

## JACKO GETS THERE FIRST

WHEN Jacko came home to dinner he found his mother in a terrible way. It was a great day for Mother Jacko, for she was having a tea-party.

"The oven's gone wrong," she wailed, "and all my cakes are spoiled."

"I shouldn't worry about that," said Jacko. "There's a shop full of them at the baker's."

They also found that she was afloat again. It had been almost full ebb when they were carried into this odd little lagoon, and the rising tide had lifted the schooner off the bank. They ran out an anchor and warped her into deeper water, where she rode easily.

"Not so much of a wreck as you thought, Don," said Jim triumphantly; but Don's face did not reflect Jim's cheerfulness.

"She'll float," urged Jim. "She'll float," agreed Don, "but what's the use of that when she has only about fifty acres of water to float in?"

Jim looked badly dashed.

"You mean we can't get out?"

"How can we?" asked Don, pointing to the reef.

Mark had come up and was listening to the discussion.

"I don't think it's so hopeless as all that," he said in his quiet way. "You have dynamite aboard, haven't you?"

Don's tired eyes brightened.

"You mean we might blast a way out?"

"That's the notion."

Don roused up at once. "Let's go and see," he cried.

By some miracle the boat was still safe. At least, it was not so much miracle as Parami's foresight in lashing her tightly to ringbolts in the deck before the storm blew up. They got her over and went exploring.

The reef was irregular and the lagoon much longer to the East than to the West. In that direction it ran as far almost as a large mangrove swamp which seemed to mask the outfall of a small river. In some parts the reef was high, in others it barely showed above the surface. But beyond it the sea was simply sown with reefs, so that it seemed incredible that the Dolphin could have come through them without being smashed to bits. Mark had his eyes on the reef, and all of a sudden he pointed.

"Here's the place! A couple of sticks of explosive and the job's done. Am I right, Don?"

Don looked, and his face brightened again.

"You're right, Mark. Two sticks at that point ought to do the trick, and if the engine works and we can patch up the rudder there's hope for us yet."

"Hope—it's a certainty!" cried Jim in high delight. "Let's get back to work."

All three felt full of fresh hope and courage as they pulled back to the Dolphin.

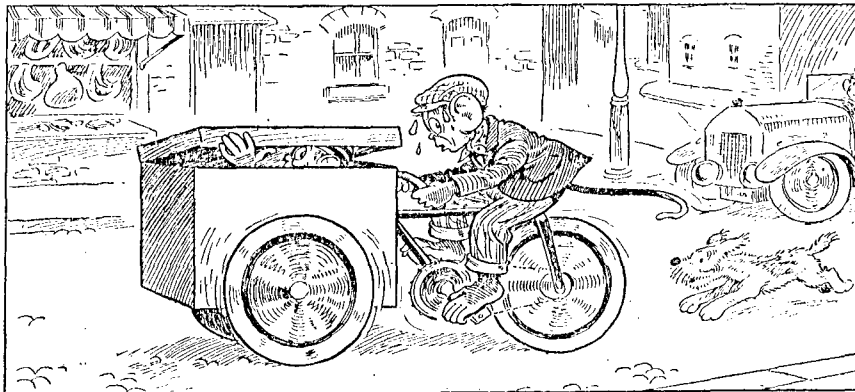
Now, the baker's boy was inclined to be fat, and he made a great fuss with his bicycle cart.

Jacko offered to race him home.

The baker's boy was willing.

"But I have to call at the miller's," he said, "on the way."

"All right," agreed Jacko. "Knock off two minutes for that." And off he went.



His load grew heavier every minute

"Things have come to a pretty pass," declared Mother Jacko, "when I have to offer my guests shop-made cakes. But I don't see what else I can do," she added. "I'll write out a list, Jacko, and you shall take it along for me. Tell them I must have the things at once."

"I'll bring 'em myself," said Jacko.

"Indeed you will not," replied his mother. "They'd shrink too much on the way."

So the list was made out, and off Jacko went with it.

The baker was only too pleased to oblige Mrs Jacko. "Jim," he shouted, "get your bicycle. I want you to go out with an order."

They kept together for a bit, but when the baker's boy came out of the mill Jacko had disappeared.

The baker's boy put on speed to catch up with him; but the harder he pedalled the hotter he got, and his load seemed to grow heavier every minute. By the time he arrived at Mother Jacko's he was almost breathless.

"I'm first!" he gasped.

"You're not!" cried a voice. Up shot the lid of the little cart and out sprang Jacko, shrieking with laughter.

"Are those my cakes?" Mother Jacko called out.

They were and they weren't, for Jacko's weight had squashed them flat.

Their schooner was afloat, they had found a way out, and, greatest luck of all, they were safe for the moment from marauding savages. They set to work without delay to see what had to be done before they could get to sea. Chi gave them good news to the effect that the engine was all right and that the screw turned. One of the blades was damaged, but he thought he could straighten it. The mast was badly strained and would have to be fished, but they had a spare spar which could be used for this. Then Don stripped and went over the stern to have a look at the rudder. This was badly smashed and would need a lot of work before it could be used. He got it off its pintles and they hauled it on deck.

Work began at once, and all hands were busy for the rest of the day. The weather, after doing its worst, was now delightful, and cooler than for weeks past. That night they took watch and watch, but nothing troubled them. At breakfast next morning Don announced that they would finish during the morning, and in the afternoon would blow a gap in the reef and get away.

Jim made a suggestion.

"Chi says we're short of grub. If you can spare me, what about some fish?"

"Not a bad notion, Jim. We can spare you right enough, and you'd better go off now and see what you can do. Only keep your eyes open for natives."

Jim promised, got his tackle into the boat, and went off.

The lagoon was full of fish—fish which had perhaps never seen a bait in the whole course of their lives. Jim caught some small fry on a hook baited with bread paste, then used these little chaps as bait for larger fellows. Every time that his leaded line sank into the blue depths he got a bite, and he kept on pulling up fish of the oddest shapes and most brilliant colouring. Then he got into a shoal of parrot fish, creatures with round, spiky bodies and queer, hooked beaks. As they are no good for food he pulled up anchor, rowed farther on down the lagoon, and tried again.

This time he hooked something really big. He could not see what it was, for it kept along the bottom, towing the boat behind at a great pace. Jim could not pull it in, so the only thing was to hang on until it got tired.

It was surprising how fast it went, and it seemed to Jim that the current was helping it. Within a very few minutes he found himself nearing the western end of the lagoon. The fish pulled harder than ever; Jim got hold of the line with both hands and tugged.

"Must be one of those great rock cod," he said uneasily, for these fish run to over two hundred pounds and are dangerous to divers. He could not move it, and the only result was that it made a fresh rush—such a rush that it came within an ace of upsetting the boat. The gunwale actually dipped, and a lot of water poured in. Jim had no time to bale. It was all he could do to hang on to the monster.

All of a sudden the strain ceased. The line had caught against some sharp coral edge below the surface, had snapped, and Jim tumbled backward into the bottom of the boat.

"Of all the luck!" he grumbled as he scrambled up, half dazed, for his head had hit the thwart as he fell. Suddenly he noticed that the boat was still moving at a great pace. She bumped against something with a force that nearly knocked him overboard. The something was a big rock, and then Jim saw—what he had not noticed before—that there was a passage here clean through the reef, and that the ebb tide had got the boat in its grip and was whirling it through this opening. He sprang for the oars, shipped them, and began to pull for all he was worth.

Imagine his dismay when he found that it was impossible to stem the current, which ran with the force of a mill race. He strained and tugged till the perspiration streamed down his face; but the current was running fully twice as fast as he could row, and he was carried stern foremost out through the gap. He heard the roar of the breakers behind him, and hastily turned the boat so as to meet them bow on. In a moment he was fighting in a welter of foam where the ebb, meeting the swell, made a fierce and ugly sea.

Somewhat Jim kept the boat's head to it and struggled through, and she lay rising and falling on great smooth swells. She was nearly a quarter full of water, and Jim, shipping the oars, picked up a baler and went to work. He had almost cleared her when he felt a slight bump.

"What on earth—" he began. Then, as he looked up, he saw a large boat alongside. It was manned by Malays, and in the stern sat the huge figure of Dirck Jansen, with the usual smile on his broad face.

TO BE CONTINUED





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Name & Address  
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Children's Newspaper

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**ALL THE MEMBERS  
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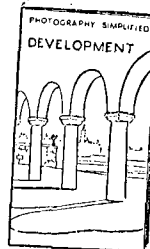
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**CHILDREN'S PEN COUPON.** VALUE 3d.  
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The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

June 28, 1930

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year. (Canada 14s)

## THE BRAN TUB

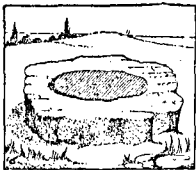
### A Journey to Eastbourne

A MOTOR-CAR travelling to Eastbourne was averaging 25 miles an hour; but in the last hour before reaching Eastbourne it did only 13 miles. The average for the whole journey was thus reduced to 21 miles an hour.

What was the distance to Eastbourne? *Answer next week*

### A Cooking Stone

PANCAKES, eggs and bacon, and even small fish can be cooked on a flat stone by the following method.



Cooking a Pancake

The stone is covered with burning sticks to make it hot, and the embers are then brushed away and the stone is coated with lard or cooking fat. Treated in this way the stone acts like a frying-pan and as it retains its heat for a long time very good results are obtained.

### Do You Live at Pontypool?

THE name may be the Welsh pont y pool, which means the bridge at the pool; but it is more likely to be pont ap Howell, Powell's bridge, so named from some person who built or had charge of a bridge there.

### Diagonal Acrostic

FILL in the letters to make the words described. When this has been done correctly the central diagonal line, represented by noughts, will form the name of a city in Devonshire.

O\*\*\*\* Lure.  
\*O\*\*\*\* Stretch.  
\*\*O\*\*\* Sorrowful.  
\*\*\*O\*\* Needed.  
\*\*\*\*O\* Slender animal.  
\*\*\*\*\* Mouth of volcano.

*Answer next week*

### Facts About the Great Pyramid

THE Great Pyramid was built by Cheops nearly 6000 years ago to be his tomb.

It measures 775 feet along each side of the base, it is 450 feet high, and covers 13½ acres.

It contains \$5,000,000 tons of stone.

The stones used vary in weight from two tons to sixty tons.

According to Herodotus the pyramid took thirty years to build, with men working in gangs of 100,000. Each gang worked for three months in the year.

### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Mars is in the East. In the evening Venus is in the North-West, Neptune is in the West, and Saturn is in the South. Our picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 10 p.m. on July 2.



### A Divided Word

THREE words are missing in the following rhyme. The last two words consist of the same eight letters as the first word, in the same order.

When I my pony 12345678  
And canter and gallop like mad,  
I certainly have the 1234 5678  
That any brave horseman e'er had.

*Answer next week*

### The Jay

YOUNG jays are fully fledged toward the end of June, and they are in some ways the most striking birds we have in this country. They are only rarely seen, as they keep to woods and their nests are hidden in thick bushes and trees.

This bird's method of flight is peculiar, being slow and heavy, a fact which makes it easy to recognise. It is a noisy creature, and

its voice has a hoarse rasp. In captivity it may be taught to talk. The plumage is particularly fine, especially the splashes of blue on the wing. The jay will feed on almost anything.

### A Word Square

THE following clues indicate four words which when written one beneath the other form a square of words.

Bread. A giant. Basement entrance. Accomplishment.

*Answer next week*

### Idol On Parle Français



La bouche Le bison Le bouton

Elle porte des souliers à boucles  
On trouve les bisons en Amérique  
Ne cueillez pas ce bouton de rose

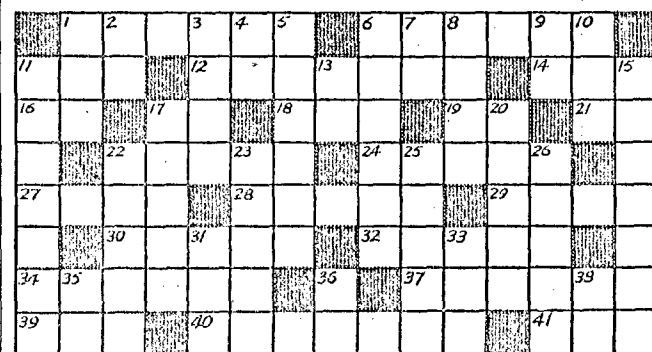
### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

A Zig-Zag Puzzle  
Throwing  
Auditors  
derision  
bartered  
Calliope  
revert  
dedicate  
forsaken  
reversed  
engender

A Divided Word  
Nowhere  
Now here

### The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 46 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues which appear below. The answer will be given next week.



Reading Across. 1. Edict. 6. Bloom. 11. Precious stone. 12. A publication. 14. An elastic fluid. 16. The Navy\*. 17. West Indies\*. 18. A heavy weight. 19. Civil engineer\*. 21. Child's name for Mother. 22. A seat. 24. Sluggish. 27. Heap of combustible material. 28. A kind of gate or portcullis. 29. Water plant. 30. To go in. 32. A wading bird. 34. Removes. 37. Pertaining to the back. 39. Boy. 40. Calumniate. 41. A river in Germany.

Reading Down. 1. A cave. 2. Printer's measure. 3. To restrain. 4. Editor\*. 5. One or the other. 6. End. 7. Behold. 8. On one occasion only. 9. For example\*. 10. A sheep. 11. A small anchor. 13. In the direction of. 15. Footwear. 17. Thinks. 20. Mistake. 22. The staff of life. 23. A very old game of skill. 25. Wants. 26. Rigid. 31. A beverage. 33. A deer. 35. High honour for artists\*. 36. French for the. 38. Before noon.\*

## DR. MERRYMAN

### The Candid Friend

THE Bore: I have a cold or something in my head.  
His Friend: It must be a cold.

### The Business Man

LITTLE Jack went into a shop to spend his first penny. He rather fancied some chocolates. "How many of those can I have for a penny, please?" he asked. "Only two or three, sonny," replied the shopman. "I'll have three, please," was Jack's request.

### The Pelicanoe



THE Pelicanoe is a singular bird, Constructed by Nature to paddle.

So on shore, as we note, he is hardly at home, And his walk is a kind of a waddle.

But give him a pond and some prey he can catch By his poor clumsy feet he's not fretted, And he's able to relish his supper each night When he gobbles the fish he has netted.

### The New Flat

MRS DE SMYTHE: You say your flat is burglar-proof. How so?  
Mrs Van Browne: Yes, it is. It couldn't possibly accommodate another person.

### Easily Managed

THE doctor looked serious. "I'm afraid you must have a sea trip," he said. "Do you think you can manage it?"  
"Oh, yes, doctor," was the reply. "You see, I'm captain of a Transatlantic liner."

### A Pure Accident

A SMALL boy who had just been rescued from a lake was the centre of a sympathetic crowd.

"But how did you come to fall in?" asked a dear old lady.

"I d-didn't," sobbed the boy, "I c-came to fish."



## "Bob likes it too mummie!"

When Bob sees the tin of Sharp's Eaton Toffee, his wise old head cocks on one side. He knows a good thing, as well as all the rest of the family. You will enjoy these creamy toffees with their fine flavour. Buy some next time, and see!

4 OZS For 4d



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# For your throat

The Allenburys' Glycerine and Black Currant Pastilles are manufactured from pure glycerine and the fresh juice of choice ripe black currants by a special process which conserves the full value and flavour of the fruit. They have a demulcent and mildly astringent effect, most useful in allaying simple irritations of the throat. They dissolve slowly and uniformly, and have a delicious, slightly acidulous flavour which is most refreshing.

Allenburys' Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES  
Your Chemist sells them  
3s & 1/3 Per Box

## TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

BILLY and Belle ran to the garden to gather strawberries for Mother's breakfast. Just as they were stooping to look for them they heard a rustle, and from under the leaves out jumped a big brown toad.

"Oh!" cried Belle, and she moved back on to the path.

"It's only Sammy," said the gardener.

"Who's Sammy?" asked Billy.

"He is my toad," said the gardener. "He takes care of the strawberries for me. Come and make friends."

Belle held the gardener's hand and they went back. The gardener began whistling softly. Out from the strawberry bed came Sammy; in a funny sprawling way, one

leg after another, he walked down the path. Then he stopped and looked at the



Out jumped a toad

gardener, who bent down and picked him up.

"How does he take care of the strawberries for you?" asked Billy.

## SOMEBODY IN THE STRAWBERRY BED

The gardener put Sammy down and began hunting among the leaves. Presently he picked a strawberry with a hole in it. "Do you see that?" he said. "Somebody else loves strawberries as well as you little folk."

He shook out of the strawberry a long, yellow, wriggling thing, covered with bristles and legs.

It dropped on the ground. Then a wonderful thing happened. Quick as a flash of lightning Sammy shot out his tongue, and the yellow, wriggling thing vanished.

Billy and Belle pealed with laughter.

"Where has it gone to?" asked Belle.

"Down Sammy's throat," the gardener chuckled.

"But what a long tongue!" she cried. "Where does he keep it?"

"He rolls it up," she was told.

"What is the yellow thing?" asked Billy.

"That is a wireworm. They would eat holes in all the strawberries if Sammy did not eat them," said the gardener. "Now you know why Sammy is my friend. Let us go and gather Mother's strawberries."

So they picked some beauties and said good-bye to Sammy. They put the strawberries on a cabbage leaf and took them to Mother.

After that, whenever Billy and Belle went to the strawberry bed, Sammy came out to greet them.